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THE 1941 CAMPAIGN

THE turn of the year makes no natural break in the conduct of total warfare. Modern armies do not relapse into winter quarters. Though there are days when no pilot can reckon on a safe landing, the battle in the air continues, and we must expect many a repetition of the tactics of arson from which the City of London has suffered. The submarine may be more difficult to fend off during the long nights of winter than in the brighter months. None the less, within these limits, it is probable that Hitler will again time his major effort more or less on the model of last year. During winter he trains and prepares for the decisive stroke with the most elaborate foresight: at any time from March to May the blow may fall. It is conceivable that the threat of an invasion, which General von Brauchitsch repeated the other day in the plainest words, may be a bluff designed to keep our land and sea forces immobilised within and around this island. That purpose has been attained during half a year, when we might have used some part of them to greater advantage in the Mediterranean. But, sooner or later, the attempt will have to be made. The maintenance of German prestige after threats so explicit requires it, and if by a miracle it could succeed, it is the only means by which the war might be brought to a swift end. But Hitler's soldiers, we should suppose, will not attempt it until they have done much more to isolate us from America by the submarine campaign and to disorganise our nerve centres by aerial attacks on an even greater scale than we have yet experienced. Mr. De Valera has learned nothing from the fate of Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, and he will enjoy a good fortune that he has not earned, if his country, incapable of any serious defence against a modern mechanised army, escapes a landing in the first phases of the decisive attack.

On the assumption that the main offensive in the coming year will fall in one element or another upon this island, does it follow that the German High Command must concentrate all its forces on this undertaking? Certainly it has men enough and planes enough to carry on other major operations elsewhere at the same time. The considerations that might deter it from scattering its forces are rather the need for economising oil, which it cannot squander recklessly on transport over vast distances, and the uncertainty of Russia's behaviour. To watch the Russians and the Turks it must keep a big force in the East. Rumour has been busy during the past fortnight in the amusing game of transporting great German armies over the Brenner Pass into Italy, and across Hungary into Rumania. These stories leave us sceptical. We doubt whether the Duce has yet called on the Germans to save him, either from his own people or from the Greeks, though he may one day be compelled to pocket his pride so far. The only disquieting news in this connection is that considerable reinforcements could be convoyed the other day to Valona, in spite of the fact that our fleet had recently seemed to hold command of the Adriatic. We do not doubt that the Germans have a few Divisions in Rumania and may be adding one or two more to their number. This occupation is designed in the first place to protect the oil wells and to speed up the re-organisation of all the production and transport of this backward but potentially wealthy country to supply German needs. The second purpose is presumably to put pressure on the Russians and the Turks and to prepare bases from which, if the need should arise, they could be attacked. But we should be astonished if at any early date the Germans were to attempt any considerable operation in the Balkan Peninsula. Spain offers them a far more favourable field, even if General Franco, in his desperate economic plight, prefers to remain the non-belligerent ally of the Axis. Winter is no obstacle to campaigning in Portugal and Southern Spain, and the possession of their Atlantic ports would enable the German submarines to intensify their war upon our shipping.

But if Hitler intends to give us battle seriously in the Mediterranean, he must acquire a fleet. That is, we take it, the key to his present behaviour towards Italy and France. He would not assign to the Duce any share in the booty of prostrate France, nor is he in a hurry to help her, for the outstanding reason that the Italian fleet under its own crews is useless and much of it has been too seriously damaged to tempt him to man it with German crews. What he wants

from Marshal Pétain is the use of his ships and the arsenal of Toulon. From the still serviceable ships of the two Fleets he might, under German officers, make a force that could engage us in these waters. The reluctance of the aged Marshal to consent to this extortion would not in itself deter him for a moment. There are Doriots and Déats who would oblige him, nor do we suppose that M. Flandin would resist him. But France has still one asset: her intact army of North Africa, which could be used in Libya or Spanish Morocco or even in Spain. There is reason to believe that Weygand and Pétain will act together and that to this ultimate baseness they will not consent.

The military prospect, hopeful in the Mediterranean, has been brightened still further by Mr. Roosevelt's fireside talk. It is much the boldest of his utterances: he spoke it with victory behind him. It was the speech of a non-belligerent ally, whom no fear of opposition from his own people can now deter. Whatever Mr. Willkie might have said or done, of one thing we may be sure, the nominee of Wall Street would not have eliminated the dollar sign from Anglo-American dealings. What concrete steps Mr. Roosevelt proposes in order to turn the United States into our arsenal, we shall learn in a few days when Congress re-assembles. Very much remains to be done, for the flow of planes, tanks and munitions to our ports is still slow. The motor industry, enjoying a boom in the production for the home and some foreign markets of cars for civilian use, has still to be commandeered for the war effort. It may be that the President will take the daring step of releasing the interned ships of other belligerents for our use, and he may extend to the Chinese and to the Greeks help of the kind that he offers to us.

Economic Reflections

It is customary at this time of the year to pause for reflection on the lessons of the past year. In contrast to the heartening turn in the fortunes of war in the Mediterranean the Government can draw little satisfaction from their accomplishments in the field of war-economics. Much has been accomplished by the common people who after the change of the Government last spring worked longer hours than ever before and maintained output far better in the face of air attacks than could have been expected in view of the repeated breakdown of officialdom in conditions of strain. Our Ministers (Mr. Churchill is the obvious exception) have still not even yet learnt the terrible lessons of the opening months of the last year. The spirit of that ill-fated production of the wondrous mountain in Bloomsbury, "The Assurance of Victory," is still haunting in their speeches. Instead of following their leader in his sober and therefore encouraging appraisals of the position the note of complacency is reappearing. This complacency is the more irritating as an increasing number of people feel the unnecessary and unjust hardships inflicted by official inadequacy. Evacuation, fire fighting, provision of shelters (and cement), assurance of fair distribution of scarce supplies, price-policy, the full use of available and willing man-power, compensation for war damage—these are all problems which even after sixteen months of war and seven months after the grant of full powers to the Executive by an enthusiastic Parliament, have not been solved. There is no coherent plan to mobilise industry, transport is in a mess, financial policy is still drifting and with it price and wage-policy; consumption is still excessive and the distribution of supplies uneven; there is no accepted plan for ensuring a fair distribution of the burden of war: the wretched treatment of soldiers' dependants, of the people penalised by Government measures continues and even the air-raid compensation Bill—an advance on previous official thought—bears the marks of the narrowest financial spirit. The system of priorities has still not been replaced by planned allocations and is therefore unable to ensure maximum effort on the most needed points. Preparations for the foreseeable air-offensive are insufficient. The central co-ordination and leadership which has produced such magnificent results in the field of defence is conspicuous by its absence in war-economics. Beyond the routineers, beyond those numbers of the Old Guard which had to be included in a National Government, there looms the problem of the Labour Leaders. They could have given a clearer lead. They had time to contemplate the evils of this half-way house which must in the long run turn against labour. They must in the New Year show a different grasp of the position if we are to follow up the victories against the "meaner partner" by a renewed repulse of the mightier foe.

Part of the trouble — as our leading article shows — is that co-ordination and planning are impossible because the nature of the war economic problem is not understood. A pale double of the Geddes Axe walks still about frightening and injuring those who have no power or voice to squeal. The ghost of the financial conception of economics has not been laid. But above all there is a fundamental and fatal misconception about the word compulsion. Mr. Bevin accuses all and sundry who demand a coherent planning of the use of man-power of being dictators. But he is forced to de-reserve a growing proportion of labour and thus force them into seeking new jobs instead of offering it to them according to a careful plan. More than that: he de-reserves certain occupations provided the employer does not prove that the man he employs is needed for national service. And he does not establish hardship tribunals. The change from reserving occupations to reserving jobs is to the good, but it seems scarcely worth while to pretend that it is not compulsion. And why pretend that the total de-reservation of occupations is different from compulsion? Those who ask for fuller use of compulsory powers also demand compulsion for some forms of property. They ask for safeguards which the Minister does not provide and above all they demand full compensation by paying the people who are being shifted their previous wage (subject to a maximum) and the cost arising out of the shift (separation allowances, billeting), and that accommodation should be secured by compulsion. The burden is once more put on the shoulders least capable to bear it and the privilege of voluntary effort is being reserved to the more comfortable. We are still appealed to by Archbishops for country billets, Sir Robert Kindersley still stalks the country for savings, Sir Kingsley Wood and even Lord Woolton still kindly warn the rich of impending imports and shortages and then beg them to refrain from acting on the implied advice. When will Labour Ministers at last realise what is happening? It is time for them to forgo demagogic phrases and self-satisfied claims until they have shown results which will convince the common man that we are no longer a plutocracy and that our leaders are in fact "going to it."

Fires and Spotters

The devastating fire-raid on the City was a severe blow. We are not impressed by the official attempt to represent it as a new development, particularly in the insistence that it was a deliberate attempt to destroy London. What on earth do the authorities think was the purpose of previous raids? Some of the losses are heartrending, and the beastliness and futility of modern war was never more starkly illustrated to our people. We are not being callous when we take some comfort in the fact that the scale and the scope of the destruction has cleared the way for some real planned reconstruction. If St. Paul's is left to us it can now be given its fitting and open setting. When a few buildings are knocked out of an ugly thoroughfare it is too much to hope that complete reconstruction will be carried through, but when an area is largely devastated then something comprehensive can and must be done. The problem of fire-spotting has to be solved, and the authorities ought not to have been caught napping. At the beginning of the air Blitzkrieg Ministers were warned privately and publicly of this gap in our precautions. It is for the Government to exercise foresight. Citizens will be less liable to "fail in their duty" if they have clear and definite instructions. The idea of spotters in every building, however, raises immense problems: the number of men and man-hours involved is astronomical. The numbers needed would be less and the job of the spotter would be more possible if our inventions department would take notice of a simple little gadget, referred to them a month or more ago, which rings a burglar alarm and identifies the room and releases the front-door key in any house hit by an incendiary or delayed-action bomb.

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WAR ECONOMICS REVIEWED

Two agitations are being conducted at the present moment, one for a reduction in the Excess Profits Tax and the other for increasing compulsion of labour. The first is based on the peacetime arguments for the profit incentive: the second on the argument that the peacetime mechanism is inadequate. What are we to make of this flagrant contradiction? It is typical of our war economy. Is the mixture of economic freedom and compulsion another happy British compromise or is it an illogical and dangerous makeshift? The peacetime economic system has a body of principles. Some of us disagree with them, some of us criticise them as harsh and inadequate but they are a body of principles. Are there any economic principles for a system of total war?

The war could be conducted mainly by the methods of capitalist private enterprise—that is to say, the war economy could be regulated by the free price mechanism. Doubtless these methods would have to be supplemented by certain forms of compulsion such as conscription for the armed forces and Government priorities for essential materials and services in short supply, but theoretically and practically the economic problem could be solved as it is in peacetime through the agency of the free market. We say practically, because this is how it was actually done forty years ago in the case of the Boer War. The Army was then composed of volunteers and the Government obtained them and the materials required for the war by raising funds from taxation and borrowing, and using that purchasing power to acquire factors in the open market. The economy adapted itself to this changed situation and the whole operation was conducted as a sort of new industry alongside existing enterprise. The only problem of economic importance was the transfer of monetary resources to the Government to enable it to command the real resources necessary for the war. The social complications were insignificant. Thus there was nothing in the situation which was not amenable to orthodox economic practice or outside the analytical scope of orthodox economic theory. War was a change in the external data of economics, and the resultant alteration in the conditions of demand set up repercussions and entailed adjustments similar to those produced by any change in external data. The theory and practice of economics can embrace such disasters as a crop failure or a local earthquake: they can equally embrace such a large scale event as a war. Let us apply the analysis to the present state of affairs.

In peaceful conditions the contemporary resources of labour and capital in this country could with full employment have produced £7,000 million worth of goods and services annually. For the conduct of the war the Government alone requires £4,000 million of these goods and services. By taxation and borrowing it acquires £4,000 million of purchasing power and thereby command over goods and services to that amount. This means an enormous diversion of resources into the forms of activity required by the Government, but this diversion automatically results from the change in the direction of demand. Where the community of private individuals previously called the tune to the extent of £7,000 million (let us ignore the peacetime expenditure of the Government) it can now only call the tune to the extent of £3,000 million, the Government coming in as substitute demander for the balance. Labour and capital which previously produced for private demand will now have to produce for Government demand. By a rigid refusal to expand credit beyond the point necessary to secure full employment the Government could bring about this change-over to war economy without any danger of inflation. This is the simple economics of the matter and if we were discussing a Boer War with a Government expenditure of £300 million, this would be the simple practice of it.

Now theoretically the economics of a war costing £300 million a year need not differ from the economics of one costing £4,000 million. There are economists of repute who can demonstrate that all the results brought about by priorities, controls, limitation of supplies orders and the whole complicated machinery of regulation could be equally well brought about by the free play of the price mechanism. They would go further and claim that better results could be achieved and more cheaply. These economists are not fools, but just pure economists. They know everything about the science of pure economics and nothing of the old art of political economy; and they are largely responsible for the discredit into which the science has fallen. They have no social imagination and therefore no social sympathy, and as a result they have sold the goodwill of liberal economics for a mess of analytical pottage. For the difference between a war costing £300 million a year and a war costing £4,000 million is the difference between a minor and a major disaster just as the difference between 7 per cent. unemployment and 30 per cent. unemployment is the difference between a minor depression and a major social catastrophe. After a certain point new principles and methods must be applied. These economists wanted to solve the 1931 crisis through the ordinary price mechanism and their policy brought down Bruning and brought in Hitler.

Suppose an Atlantic liner experiences exceptionally bad weather during the whole crossing. The passengers groan in the staterooms or the cabins, and the dining rooms, the bars and the promenade decks are deserted. The captain spends days and nights on the bridge and the crew work till they drop. At the end of the voyage the cabin stewards get the large tips and the others have a lean trip. As a result of the delay the ship is turned round in a hurry and all shore leave is cancelled. All this is part of the luck of the sea. No one suggests that there should be a forcible redistribution of tips to remedy hardship: no one suggests that the Government should give a special grant to compensate the owners or that other shipping companies should come to their aid. But if the liner suffers shipwreck new principles come into operation. No doubt the pure economist could demonstrate that one way of allocating the scarce lifebelts and places in the boats is to sell them to the highest bidder. No doubt one economical way of securing the assistance of neighbouring ships is to invite tenders. But not even in the palmy days of *laissez faire* were these methods adopted, and no economist has committed himself to these arguments in print. Women and children first and a bullet for the man who tries to rush the boats. And a 40,000-ton liner will go to the aid of a tramp.

What we are doing in this war is to run the ship of State partly as a vessel in a typhoon and partly as an ordinary liner with millionaires in the first class and a rabble in the steerage. There is no major principle but only a medley of expedients, a hotch-potch of compulsion and free play which results in shrieking anomalies. (A shakedown under damp arches on newspapers advertising 350-guinea fur coats.) Think of all the talk about equality of sacrifice and about the elimination of profit from the war. Think of the passages in the King's Christmas speech about common perils and common sufferings willingly shared, about a real desire to share burdens and resources alike, about all of us being in the front line and danger together, and ask whether these sentiments correspond to what is going on around us.

This island is a fortress: such is the favourite simile in ministerial exordiums. Have any Ministers thought in terms of fortress economics? Do their metaphors really envisage the community as a garrison? The economic principle for a fortress under siege is communism in necessities and no luxuries. Every able-bodied man has to serve and only the old, the infirm and the very young are exempt. No wonder our leaders fight shy of the full implications of the fortress metaphor. No one draws property income in a fortress. No one gets one ration for filling sandbags and another in virtue of the possession of real estate inside or outside the citadel. Fortress economics is the economics of an egalitarian society in which no one can buy ease and safety at the expense of his fellow men. A rapid survey of the shifts and expedients which have passed for economic policy so far will show how far we are from this ideal.

The Treasury policy envisaged the war solely in its monetary aspect. This approach, which ignores the real cost and the distribution of that cost, has been the curse of our war economics. The Treasury was solely concerned with keeping down the nominal monetary cost of the war and with the object, laudable in itself, of avoiding inflation. It was interested in the redistributed national income as a source of revenue, but not in the processes redistributing that income. Indeed it was anxious to avoid any commitments which might arise out of that process of redistribution. It had no policy for distressed areas, for distressed industries or for distressed individuals. It ordered coffins for air-raid corpses but had no plans for destitute survivors. When London hotels and boarding houses were emptied by the first evacuations the proprietors were ignominiously haled before the County Courts for defaults on rates. When the coastal towns were financially crippled by military restrictions the Treasury had no policy for their relief. Local taxation has become a farce and an anomaly in existing circumstances, but nobody in Whitehall seems to have the faintest realisation of this. The belated scheme for the insurance of war damaged property shows that the original Treasury approach to this problem lacked all reality and sense. Even now there is no satisfactory scheme for people displaced from employment by air raids. Large sections of the population are expected to take the pot luck characteristic of private enterprise, while others such as coal

owners and railway shareholders are given every facility by State control and legislation to pass on their burdens.

Thus the simultaneous agitation, often coming from the same people, for a reduction in E.P.T. and for increasing compulsion of labour is just one of the many facets of our muddled war economy. With regard to the first it is argued that 100 per cent. E.P.T. eliminates all incentive to efficiency. The *Sunday Express* reports without apparent dismay that there are a number of firms who make the maximum profit allowed in a few weeks and then slack off and do not bother. All the City Editors seem to agree that the extra profit incentive must be restored since the incentive of saving the country is apparently not sufficient. But no incentive is required to secure the use of property in wartime. It is there and cannot be removed. The problem of the war economy would have been largely solved if all investment income had been suspended for the duration and only human service had been rewarded. If property owners received their capital back intact at the end of the war they would still owe a debt to the fighters and workers who preserved it.

The other agitation for increasing compulsion of labour is based on the argument that a million more men are required for the armed forces and a million more workers for the war industries, and that this transfer can only be achieved by forcible displacement. In fact the forcible displacement is already being done by juggling with the reserved ages and by the various limitation-of-supplies regulations. What this means in practice is that persons earning perhaps £8 a week in the printing, electrical and distributive trades are being pushed into munitions probably at lower wages and most probably away from their homes. In their new location they must compete for accommodation with the leisured and the well-to-do, and in the scramble for the lessening supplies of consumption goods they will be outbid every time by persons who can if necessary draw on capital. The rich can still get most of the good things and occupy most of the best places. Meanwhile Sir Robert Kindersley goes round stumping for what he calls National Savings. This concept in itself shows the hollowness of our war economics. There is no national saving in wartime. There is in fact dis-saving. One can talk of national borrowings or even of national lendings, but national savings is meaningless in real terms. We have to keep up this sorry pretence because there is no consistency, no logic and no justice in our war economy. In the military sense we are all in the front line: economically there is as great a gap as ever between the men in the trenches and the base-wallahs safe in the rear.

SALARIED STATE MEDICAL SERVICE

ONCE again Lord Horder's Committee has reported, and its suggestions have been embodied in another White Paper, drawing attention to the risks of disease in the shelters and the need for precautions. But Yashmak masks and the like to prevent nose-and-mouth-borne infections, and even the terribly necessary segregation of tubercular patients, only stress the gravity of the conditions.

Insistence upon the individual doing his or her part in reducing the risks, which will be with us throughout the epidemic months of winter, is proper and essential. It is like asking us to put out an incendiary if it comes through our roof, not only for our own sakes but for the sake of our neighbours, to whom the fire might spread. But we as individuals are not asked to supply the anti-aircraft batteries or man the Spitfires or the fire-pumps.

That is equally true of disease. We have a right to expect that those to whom we trust our general safety shall provide the barrage against infection, and organise adequate measures for dealing with it if it should break through these defences. That is the job for trained, professional disease-fighters, the doctors and the public health authorities.

When I wrote on October 19th, in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, that we were facing a winter campaign which would be waged not by the R.A.F., nor by the Army, nor by the Navy but the doctors on the Home Front, it was an implied challenge to the medical profession, because the doctors were not then organised for such a campaign. Nor are they now. Nor can they be, so long as their private interests conflict with their public duty.

In last week's *Lancet*, Dr. Sinclair-Loutit and Dr. Shirlaw put the case bluntly to their colleagues in the medical profession:

> The medical profession must realise that medicine must be replanned to serve new units—not only units in the Army, but the community units represented by the shelter crowds. Medicine has ceased to be an affair of contract between two individuals. It is the concern of the nation as a whole. It can only be served by what, in effect, must become a State medical service.

For years the B.M.A. has been organising *against* a State Medical Service. (I have attended every British Medical Association Conference for the past eleven years and write with the insight of that experience.) The general practitioners have resisted every "intrusion" of public medical services, even including Maternity and Child Welfare Clinics and the paying of salaries to specialists in Municipal Hospitals. When legislation has forced the issue, the B.M.A. has fought a rearguard action in defence of the fees of private doctors. Clinics have been an anathema to the backwoodsmen of the B.M.A. The clinics were giving medical facilities to those who needed it, but who were regarded by the more reactionary general practitioners mainly as potential fee-payers.

Similarly, with the Shelter Medical Service. Proposed by the Horder Committee and sanctioned by the Ministry of Health, the public saw in this new service a strong line of defence against epidemics. Medical posts were to be established and doctors and nurses were to be in attendance. Hundreds of thousands were to be under the vigilant care of the doctors. Praise be to Hippocrates!

On closer examination the Ministry's proposals were found to be full of reservations, concessions to the B.M.A. or to the Treasury or to both. Doctors were to visit the bigger shelters. They were to be on call if the nurses needed them. Local authorities were to appoint such a rota of doctors and might be allowed (but were not encouraged) to appoint full-time doctors at £500 a year for the biggest shelters where conditions made such an appointment necessary. The medical supplies at the dispensaries were to be strictly limited to palliatives of the aspirin, sal volatile, cough mixture and gargle variety. The rota doctors were to be paid a guinea a night for their shelter visits. They were to give "immediate medical care," to deal with accidents, infectious disease cases, and minor ailments. The serious cases were to be sent by ambulance to hospital. The interpretation of these duties has been left to the doctors.

So we got a "tip-and-run" Shelter Medical Service of the "am-I-needed-here-No?-Goodnight" kind. Under a rota, prevention of disease must be perfunctory. Yet the Minister for Health has warned us, with grim truth, that more people may be killed by going into shelters than would be killed by the bombs. Nor is it just a case of "pandering to the people in the big shelters," about which I hear so much in official quarters. For infection which bursts through the doors of the shelters which nurtured it will reach out to the 83 per cent. of the population which, as Mr. Morrison has told us, "stay put" in their domestic shelters or in their homes.

There is another aspect of this Shelter Medical Service which, to me at least, is ugly and a reproach to the high ideals for which the medical profession is supposed to stand. The shelter doctors are allowed to give sufferers only superficial treatment. The Ministry of Health has laid it down that the medical post must not be regarded as a free outpatient clinic.

I make frequent visits to shelters of every type, and to medical posts. I have heard the stories of shelter marshals and I have the testimony of doctors, not in one locality but in many. I have the visible evidence of the authorised "dispensaries."

Here is an actual case from my own experience. In one of the biggest East End shelters and at one time one of the worst, a volunteer doctor, now replaced, helped by a distinguished woman doctor and privately subscribed funds, created an excellent medical post, supplied with all essential drugs. Not a thing, not even the authorised drugs, not even a chair for the doctor was supplied by the Medical Officer of Health.

I was there during a heavy Blitz, admiring the way the volunteer post had been organised, with its index of every patient, and the kindliness and humanity with which the motley procession of shelter users were being handled. A shelter marshal came running in from the neighbouring crypt. A woman was desperately ill. The doctor must come quickly. The doctor hesitated. It was a job for the rota doctor. But his hesitation was momentary. He bundled his instruments into his bag, apologised to the crowd in the waiting-room and hurried hatless into the Blitz.

The crypt was one where the sarcophagi have been emptied of the crumbled dead and are being used as beds. Every race, colour and condition of people seemed to be sheltering there. We had to pick our way through the huddle and climb a hen-ladder to reach a vault high up in the wall, a tomb that had belonged to a long-dead family

and now sheltered a living one. A little brown face under a turban blinked at us with startled eyes in the flickering candle-light before it disappeared under the bedclothes beside its Indian mother. A turbaned ex-Bengal Lancer was lying there, with his black shovel beard and his magnificently carved face as still as that of a monumental Crusader. We had to step over him to reach an inner vault, unventilated and as cold as an ice-box, where the sick woman had to spend her nights.

The patient had a high temperature; she was breathing with difficulty. The doctor examined her carefully and found she was suffering from asthma and in bad shape. Again he hesitated. In deference to his medical colleagues he should have prescribed—Sal volatile? Cough mixture? Aspirin? Or a gargle? But, above all, he should have said, "And see your doctor in the morning." He did—but only after he had sent the shelter marshal running to his own dispensary for the prescription he knew she must have.

In another instance a child was running a temperature, suffering from acute influenza. The rota doctor wanted to send it home through the Blitz. He was not even ready to bring down its temperature, because that was the job of the doctor whom it should "see in the morning." It was put in the shelter sick-bay by others and carefully nursed throughout the night.

To reduce it to an absurdity. If a shelter user is suffering from a boil which at home he would be treating himself (perhaps under the orders of his panel doctor) the medical post would be "treating him" against the rules if it supplied the hot fomentation. No, he must "see his doctor in the morning."

One day there may be a coroner's inquest. Would any shelter doctor dare to face the public and say, "I told the patient to see a doctor in the morning. I, a qualified doctor, dedicated to the service of humanity, passed by on the other side." If so, I hope the Medical Officer and the Minister of Health would be subpœnaed with him.

Nobody wants to deprive doctors of their livelihood. Hitler has done his best to do so. Practices in heavily bombed areas have practically disappeared—into reception areas or into the shelters. And on that point there is a pertinent question. Panel patients cannot attend their doctors. Workers, during the Blitz, get "home" to the shelters at the siren (and anyway in heavily bombed districts many doctors have abandoned evening surgery) and leave at daybreak or before. They cannot visit morning surgery without loss of a day's pay and, from the national standpoint, a day's work. Are the doctors giving the service for which they draw panel fees?

But the question of fees is something apart from medical duty, and yet here it is being allowed to dominate a situation fraught not only with immediate human suffering but with imminent public peril. The Shelter Medical Post must not, according to official decree, become a clinic where incipient illness or disease (and doctors have been insisting for years on early diagnosis and anticipation of disease) could be detected and treated, and where health would be put before sickness. No, every shelter user, since fees come from sickness not from health, must be regarded as the potential sick patient of a private doctor. That, itself, is burking the fact 2,000,000 out-patients a year attended London hospitals before the war, choosing the clinic and the specialists rather than the family doctor.

The Shelter Medical Service is, in any case, limited to the bigger shelters, while 90 per cent. of the population in the bombed districts are in smaller ones. It is, I suggest, a shoddy piece of window-dressing.

Doctors must be mobilised. They must be organised on a salaried basis. The shelters provide not only risks but opportunities. People are there in mass, as children at school are in mass. They can be reached as they never were before. "Health consciousness" can be impressed upon shelterers even while disease is being checked. For instance, one enlightened shelter doctor provided two hundred mugs and induced at first only a small proportion of the shelter users to gargle each night. When, however, shelter cough brought patients to the medical post, the doctor asked if the gargle had been used. If not, why not? The common excuse was that the gargle tasted nasty. When he had provided a tablet or a more agreeable gargle, he got the majority of the shelter population on "gargle drill." They began to see that, in any case, the gargle was better than the cough.

The British Medical Association must be told firmly to face the facts of a Salaried Medical Service. And the breakdown of medical practice goes, as I hope to show in a further article, far beyond the shelter issue. The Old Order has gone, even in medicine.

RITCHIE CALDER

THE NAZIS IN NORWAY

NAZI methods of conquest are now well known to depend as much for their success upon novel political techniques as upon novel military ones. In fact, it would almost be true to say that the military means of conquest are merely a part of a general social-political strategy, which aims at finding the weakest points in the enemy's moral defences and then stabbing hard and deep at them with the combined weight of body-destroying machines and soul-destroying corruption. When the victim finds his civil and military bases destroyed and his interior lines disintegrated, he surrenders. Sometimes he recognises what is coming to him and surrenders in advance.

The next step in the process is the assimilation of the victim to the Nazi political-economic system. Here again, the Nazis have sought to improve upon the wasteful and dangerous method of holding down a sullen and rebellious people by means of an army of occupation. Instead, an attempt is made to exercise *political* control through the machinery of administration, economic organisation and propaganda, whilst the forces of coercion and suppression are kept in reserve as a final arbitrament. The technique differs, of course, according to the varying social and political conditions in the occupied territories, but the general principles appear to be the same in all those in Northern and Western Europe. A review of the methods by which this technique is being applied in one of them—Norway—will therefore be of value in enabling us to gain a general picture of the means by which Hitler seeks to establish his "New European Order."

The attempt to gain *political*, as distinct from *military* control of Norway has passed through three phases. The opening of the first phase coincided with the military attack, and was characterised by *the attempt to gain political control without having to fight for it.*

The military offensive was launched at 11 p.m. on Monday, April 8th. At 4.30 a.m. on the following morning, the German Minister presented to the Norwegian Government a series of demands which would have involved the complete surrender of the Norwegian administration to the Nazis. The demands were indignantly refused, and the Germans then proceeded to their next step—an attempt to capture the King and the Government. Their object was clearly twofold: first, to deprive the Norwegian people of their leaders, and secondly, to be in a position to exercise moral (and possibly physical) pressure in order to compel the legal administration to hand over its power in a "constitutional" way. This attempt was defeated by quick movements on the part of the King, the Government and the Storting, which left Oslo and proceeded to Hamar, and thereafter to Elverum.

The next move of the Nazis was to attempt by negotiation to secure the resignation of the Nygaarsvold Government and the creation of a new Government which would be prepared to collaborate with Germany. These negotiations broke down completely, however, through Hitler's insistence that the Norwegian Fascist, Quisling, should be Prime Minister, a proposal which was bound to be rejected even by the most Right-wing members of the Storting, in view of the fact that Quisling's party, the Nasjonal Samling (National Concentration) was not even represented in that body. Why Hitler should have persisted in supporting so insignificant a political figure is as great a mystery as Stalin's earlier support of the Finnish Communist, Kuusinen. The only explanation would appear to be that in each case the dictator's protégé had been able to build up a fantastically unreal picture of his influence in his own country. Be that as it may, Hitler's advisers were unwise enough to pursue their plans to their logical conclusion, by instructing Quisling to form his own Government, in the hope that the Storting, faced by the *fait accompli*, would give him their endorsement. This first effort of Quisling's was, however, a miserable failure. He was completely isolated by the solid opposition of the people and of the Norwegian civil and military authorities, and within five days he resigned in ignominy.

In concluding the review of the first period, one important circumstance must be noted. When the Oslo batteries, in the opening engagement of the Norwegian campaign, succeeded brilliantly in sinking the warships *Gneisenau* and *Blücher*, they sent to the bottom of the sea all the higher members of the German Administrative Staff and several detachments of the Gestapo. These were the men, of course, who would have "advised" Quisling in the conduct of his Government, and who would have taken over control of all those branches of the administration for which suitably compliant Norwegian officials were not available. Without their aid, and with the popular resistance unbroken, Quisling's first attempt was bound to fail.

For some time after the collapse of the first Quisling Government, the Nazis were preoccupied with the task which they had hoped to avoid: that of conquering Norway by military force. Norwegian military resistance ended with the withdrawal of the King and Government from Norway on June 7th, and the Nazis now had to face once more the problem of establishing an administration which would serve as the instrument of their political control. During this second of the three phases which we have distinguished, the German effort was directed towards securing *a submissive Norwegian Government with a pretended legal and constitutional basis.*

Such a basis could, in fact, only be fictitious, since on April 9th the Storting had unanimously accorded full powers to the King and Government and had given them permission to exercise those powers, if necessary, *from outside Norwegian territory.* King Haakon and the Nygaarsvold Government had, therefore, been placed in an impregnable constitutional position.

In spite of this insuperable difficulty, the Reichskomissar for Norway, Terboven, was determined to conjure up, if at all possible, some kind of fictitious legal basis for the administration which was to undertake the task of governing Norway on behalf of the Nazis. In the middle of June, the Norwegian newspapers were ordered to begin a propaganda campaign for a " real Government " to take the place of the Nygaarsvold administration, which was " no longer able to exercise its functions." At the same time, systematic pressure was placed on all the leading Norwegian politicians and civil servants to make some " reasonable " settlement with the Nazis, failing which, they would be compelled to accept a new Nazi-imposed Quisling Government, or, even worse, a purely German administration. Terboven proposed the establishment of a Council of State (Riksrad) to exercise governmental powers until the end of the war, when Norway would return—presumably—to its normal forms of democratic government. In order to provide such a Council with some semblance of constitutional authority, however, King Haakon was to be requested to abdicate and the Nygaarsvold Government to resign. The Presidential Board of the Storting (in reality only a kind of " Speaker's Committee " with no executive powers) was actually persuaded to pass a resolution to this effect and to send it to the Norwegian authorities in Britain. The Storting was then to be summoned, and would be invited to ratify the resolution of the Presidential Board, confirm the abdication of the King, nullify the full powers which it had given to the Nygaarsvold Government, and hand over similar powers to the proposed Council of State.

As soon as the plan became publicly known, however, it evoked a storm of protest from the Norwegian people. The Stortingsmen were snowed under by indignant letters and other forms of protest from their constituents, and in the face of such a clear demonstration of public opinion it was quite impossible even for the most conciliatory element amongst them to yield to Terboven's suggestions. In such circumstances, the German Commissioner realised that there would be no hope of obtaining a majority in the Storting, even with the maximum exercise of indirect pressure, and the plan to summon it was, for the time being, abandoned.

In spite of this setback, however, there were some elements amongst the Norwegian political leaders who cherished the illusion, born of a mixture of despair and bitterness, that it might be possible to find some *modus vivendi* with the Nazi conquerors. Terboven sought to take advantage of this feeling in his last attempts to form a representative Government which would be ready to collaborate with him. He entered into direct negotiations with the leaders of the various political parties. The negotiations were carried on, however, with typical Nazi dishonesty. One party was played off against another; concessions were made by the Nazis on one day only to be withdrawn or subtly modified on the next; any concession on the part of the Norwegians, on the other hand, was immediately followed by the presentation of new demands. Terboven's endeavour to confuse and divide the Norwegian parties was, however, blocked by their firm insistence on conditions which were quite incompatible with the type of régime he was endeavouring to build up. The main conditions were that Quisling's party, the Nasjonal Samling, should not have control of the Council of State; that the Civil Government should be carried on in accordance with Norwegian law; that the Nazis should not interfere with the civil administration; and that civil liberties—especially freedom of speech, press and association—should be preserved.

The consequent failure of these negotiations marks the end of the second phase. Terboven was summoned to Berlin, and returned with explicit instructions from the Führer. By the execution of these instructions, the third phase is inaugurated: the direct imposition by Nazi " Diktat " of a new political régime in Norway.

On September 26th, Reichskommissar Terboven announced, by wireless broadcast, a series of decrees which were to take effect immediately. King Haakon was declared deposed; the Nygaarsvold Government was dismissed; all political parties were dissolved except the Nasjonal Samling; and a Council of Ministers was to be formed under the leadership of Herr Quisling. Finally, a " New Order "—the familiar Order of Nazi Gleichschaltung—was to be introduced in Norway. Thus was ended at one stroke the whole policy of trying to find a way to conciliate the mass of the Norwegian people and the really representative political parties. The abandonment of this policy was in itself eloquent testimony to the deep-seated hostility of the Norwegian people towards the Nazi rulers and the Nazi political ideology. Even had the conciliation policy proved successful, there is no doubt that Terboven's objective would have been the gradual perversion of the Norwegian administration into a thorough-going Fascist régime—with the great advantage, however, from the German point of view, that the leading political parties, those which really had their roots in the masses, would have been fatally implicated in this transition. Through the failure of this policy, the Nazis find themselves forced to make use of methods which must further arouse the hostility of people and to rely on a Norwegian Fascist organisation which is no more than a " Splitterpartei " and which cannot even find enough capable people within its own ranks to perform the supernumerary duties allotted to them by their Nazi overseers.

Yet even in this third phase of the German attempt to gain political control of Norway, it is important to note that the emphasis is still placed on the use of political rather than military methods of exercising power. The civil administration is placed, with German permission, in Norwegian hands. The Norwegian press is gleichgeschaltet under the control of a Norwegian Minister of Propaganda—Herr Lunde, an active member of the Nasjonal Samling. Broadcasting is to be turned into an instrument of Fascist propaganda under the control of a Norwegian—Herr Kristi. The police force (which formerly had a mainly local character) is being rigidly centralised by another Norwegian—Herr Lie. Where suitable Norwegian Fascists cannot be found, as, for example, in the Trade Unions, then the method employed is that of " weeding-out ": successive groups of leaders appointed by the members are arrested or dismissed until men are found, generally of second or third rank, who are willing to comply with the requirements of the régime. Similar methods are applied to the employers' organisations, the farmers' co-operatives, and other voluntary social institutions.

In this way, an attempt is being made to Nazify the whole of Norway's political, economic and social life under the apparent leadership of people who are themselves Norwegians. The Nazis are well aware, of course, that Quisling has no solid basis in the Norwegian population and that he could not maintain his position for a day if the German administrators, Gestapo and military forces were withdrawn. Yet the position is not without its advantages for the Nazis. They can afford to keep their own coercive apparatus in the background, as a mere emergency reserve. If the people complain against the measures imposed by the régime, then the Germans can lay the blame on their Norwegian functionaries. And if, in course of time, the Quislingites were to succeed in gaining any mass-support (that is, in creating an *indigenous* Fascist movement), then the Nazis would have the comparatively simple task of supervising a régime which would, in fact, be a puppet reproduction of their own régime in Germany.

The situation in Norway to-day is the very reverse of stable. The passive resistance of the people is strong and appears to be increasing; and at some time in the future the counter-offensive of the democratic forces will, it is to be hoped, intervene with shattering effect. Nevertheless, it is already possible to gain a general picture of the policy which the Nazis are *attempting* to apply in those Northern and Western European countries which are not to be treated like Poland, as mere slave-colonies.

The Nazis are seeking to achieve a " permanent revolution " in Europe; that is, to provide, as they have done in Germany itself, a political as well as a military basis for their conquests. The " New European Order " is no empty slogan but a serious attempt to establish a Nazi-controlled hierarchical régime throughout Europe, which will be proof against disintegration from within as well as attack from without. Whether it will succeed will depend both upon the type of *political* counter-offensive which is undertaken by Britain and her allies and upon the strength of the internal popular resistance.

W. N. WARBEY

A LONDON DIARY

HISTORY repeats itself when the New Year Honours List starts off with a viscountcy for a Conservative newspaper proprietor. Can you give a list of the press proprietors who moved up the honours ladder in the last war? Incidentally, it is a slight shock to be reminded that the Christian names of Lord Camrose are William Ewart. What fine hopes and sentiments must have inspired the parents at the christening. However, independent and critical Conservatism is also recognised by the honours bestowed on Mr. Garvin and Mr. Arthur Mann, the late editor of the *Yorkshire Post*. Why Lord Hugh Cecil, whose mind and record are, one would have thought, suffiicently distinguished in themselves, should want the artificial distinction of a seat in the Lords, I don't know. But he will be an addition to that assembly. The vacancy in the Order of Merit caused by the death of H. A. L. Fisher is worthily filled by Gilbert Murray. We must accept this as a tribute to literature, which has no separate representation in the list, although Sir Kenneth Lee, one of the ex-directors of its wartime substitute, the Ministry of Information, receives a baronetcy. The choice of Sir Robert Craigie for distinction at the moment when we have recognised China's part in the struggle against the Axis seems a joke in bad taste. The mixture this time of pedestrian official rewards with honours for active service at home and abroad is an uneasy reflection of a social order which has gone into the melting-pot.

* * *

We have, says Mr. Priestley, to transform democracy from a mere political catch-phrase into a revolutionary doctrine capable of releasing great unused stores of spiritual and physical energy. We have to plan here and now to discover the best possible political and economic order. "Give them plenty of beer and racing," said a Minister to a Cabinet worried about the unrest after the last Armistice. That won't buy off the people this time if the people begin thinking now of the post-war world and begin to ask for instalments during the war. *Picture Post* starts off in its first issue of 1941 with a magnificently attractive issue specifically devoted to the problem of planning the New Britain. I do not know which to admire the more—the series of informed articles or the apt illustrations which accompany them. I commend for a perfect comment on our pre-war social order the picture of the two top-hatted public schoolboys outside Lord's with the three "elementary" schoolboys alongside.

* * *

Lord Reith, still without a charter for his Ministry of Works and Building and without the necessary powers to plan, is building up his team. His appointment of Col. Howard Humphreys as Director of Works and of Mr. T. S. Tait, F.R.I.B.A., as Director of Standardisation at least shows enlightened intentions. Col. Humphreys was taught his civil engineering in the early days of the development of Letchworth Garden City and is an enthusiast for that type of planning. At the moment his function is the construction of Government works. Mr. Tait is one of Britain's best architects of the modern-with-restraint school. He was once asked to take a hand in replanning Moscow. He was the master architect of the Glasgow Exhibition—conceived and built within ten months—an achievement made possible by the imaginative use of a standard size unit as the basis of building. He is also the architect of the new Government building in Edinburgh, and I gather that he thinks the best present pattern for rebuilding is "hospital architecture"—i.e., large buildings which combine the dignity, functional efficiency and healthy economy of the modern hospital. His ideas about the primary planning of the New Britain are on a properly large scale, but that he is now content to take the job of standardisation of design and materials to hurry on the mass production of the essentials of high speed wartime construction—always with an eye to the future, which will need the same vast output of calculable material for rapid peacetime reconstruction.

* * *

The "Six Points of the People's Convention" at Manchester on January 1st are designed to appeal to anyone who is not a reactionary. Defend the people's living standards and their democratic and trade union rights? Mr. Bevin will agree. Proper A.R.P. shelters and care of the homeless, etc.? Even the *Times* has now realised that the less complacent papers have been right about the danger of bad shelter accommodation. Friendship with the Soviet Union? Mr. Eden would be delighted. It may take time in view of our wicked past and the suspicion and hostility surviving on both sides. "A people's Government truly representative of the whole people and able to inspire the confidence of the working people of the world." This is what some of us have long been advocating. "A people's peace that gets rid of the causes of war" suits me. It means getting rid of Hitler, changing our present economic system, setting up an international government and a lot else besides. But in the explanatory Manifesto there is nothing about Hitler and the danger of our suffering in the next few months a catastrophe similar to that of France, in which Communists would be swept away with the rest of us; nothing to explain how a people's peace could be made with Hitler; nothing to reconcile the curious contradiction that a peace made now would be of necessity a Fascist peace, having, as its almost inevitable corollary, just that war against the U.S.S.R. that the Communists, who organised this Convention and signed this Manifesto, have denounced as the policy of our ruling class ever since the last war. The People's Convention will not affect public opinion, in spite of the appeal of its six points, because when a Party has thrown its whole weight into urging resistance to Hitler and cursed everyone who wanted to compromise as traitors and class enemies and the rest, only the very simple or very muddle-headed will follow its leadership when it turns round and says that those who have taken its advice have thereby shown themselves traitors and class enemies. But why should it be left to the Communists to say so many things that need saying about the conduct of this war and the peace to follow it?

* * *

It is this fear of the long-distance consequences of a Nazi victory that really holds people together. Take the series of "Victory" books which is published by Gollancz. *Guilty Men* was written by three men, two of whom used to be fervent pacifists. They were converted by watching the results of failing to stand up to Hitler. Half 1,000,000 *Allies if We Choose* was written by a pacifist converted by the hope that changes might come in Europe through the war while we should have the Nazis permanently on our necks if Hitler won. And now here is Joad's *What is at Stake and Why Not Say So?* (Gollancz, 2*s*. 6*d*.). Joad maintained his pacifism longer than the others; he is at heart a Liberal who hates, above all, cruelty and loves freedom. Once war came he could see no alternative to saying that he wanted Britain to win, and he now says so with great eloquence in this book and on numerous political platforms. His book is an eloquent restatement of the rights of man with an appreciation of the fact that to mean anything these rights to-day must include the right to a fair share of the world's immeasurable wealth, to equal education and to social justice.

* * *

A general knowledge test set in the leading English newspaper should, both in appeal and scope, come within the range of any English-speaking person educated in Manchester, Toronto, Adelaide, Cape Town, Auckland, even Chicago and Berkeley, California. But imagine a young graduate of Sydney or MacGill, now over here in uniform, sitting down with a vision of Commonwealth to tackle the *Times* Christmas paper in General Knowledge:

1. (*a*) Whose elder son is Viscount Covedale?
   (*b*) Who are: The Earl of Surrey, Baron Mount Eagle; and Viscount Nith, Thorthorwald and Ross?
   (*c*) In whose armorial bearings appear, as Supporters, a Sailor of the Royal Navy and a Soldier of the Royal Marines, both proper?
2. Of which peerages are the following the family names?
   (*a*) Thicknesse - Tucket; (*b*) Hepburn - Stuart - Forbes - Trefusis; (*c*) Pepys; (*d*) Giustiniani-Bandini; (*e*) Vereker; (*f*) Spring Rice; (*g*) Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes; (*h*) Eveleigh-de-Moleyns.

Well, perhaps the most significant reply to the question "Who and when was Lord Baldwin?" is "The father of Viscount Covedale." Perhaps we are moving to, and fighting for, a world in which future candidates for the New Zealand Air Force will be required to give a chronological list of the M.F.H.s of the Quorn since 1870. On the other hand, it may be a world which is interested in more pertinent questions, e.g.:

1. Distinguish between Narvik and Larvik.
2. Which English newspaper published from Printing House Square described the Japanese invasion of China as "A Great Experiment"?
3. Where are (*a*) Dachau; (*b*) Buchenwald; (*c*) Huyton?
4. Give a list of holding companies in the electrical supply industry, according to degree of exploitation of the consumer.
5. Who uttered the following shortly before their elevation to the peerage?
   (*a*) I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.
   (*b*) I have sent for you to show me how a Christian patriot can evade the sur-tax.
   (*c*) By gad! the debenture-holders will pay for this.
   (*d*) Simony in the sixteenth century, cement in the twentieth, but the Party still goes on.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to J. D. Burton.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

BRISTOL INDUSTRIES LTD.
BRISTOL HITS BACK
DIVIDEND MAINTAINED AT 10 P.C.
—Advt. in *Sunday Times.*

There is something romantic about the birth of a heavy, long-range bomber. —*Times.*

A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced as near as possible where it lay, or if lost or destroyed a ball may be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.—New golf rule reported in *Daily Paper.*

Events in the world of Bridge have been dwarfed into insignificance by the major happenings in the war ; none the less, Bridge is playing a very important part in these strenuous times.—*Sunday Times.*

What about Education costing this country a tremendous lot of money. It is bleeding this country to death to-day, and is doing more harm than good. . . . Education as a profession, I think is one of the easiest jobs there is. . . . It makes one wonder whether we have any Christianity.—Letter from *Morecambe and Heysham Visitor.*

"YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, BOYS"

New York City.

QUINCY HOWE, author of "England expects every American to do his duty," and an American "double patriot" who—as the *New York Times'* reviewer remarks, "still seems inclined to doubt the news of Cornwallis's surrender, and occasionally searches for Redcoats under his bed," has written a new book entitled *The News and How to Understand It.* The book is enjoying a large sale, which is no matter for surprise, for surely never in all history was any people exposed to such a *newskrieg* as that which batters—via press, radio, films and speeches—about the heads of American citizens at this moment. Faced with news, and the vivisection of news, without limit, Americans may be forgiven for feeling an urgent need for news concerning the news.

Any correspondent—foreign or otherwise—knows that in this country there are four distinct categories of news ; the first, which can be stated clearly, is just news ; the second is news which may only be hinted at ; the third consists of news allowed to "leak" on the understanding that it will be promptly denied ; and the fourth of "off-the-record" information—what American journalists call "the real McCoy"—which can neither be stated nor hinted. And, as so often happens in the mis-spent lives of the men who cover the world, most of the juiciest morsels are in the fourth category. The "off-the-record" banner-headlines floating around Washington—unprinted and unprintable—at twelve noon to-day would, if placed end to end, stretch from the White House to Berchtesgaden and back to the Potomac, and provide the motive power to set Hitler off on another Grand Tour of Europe. For the relations of American statesmen with the press reach a degree of intimacy and trust unknown, at least before this war, in London or Paris.

I was present at a press conference presided over by a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet the other day. An American newsman put the Big Man a leading question, of the variety known here as "talking turkey." A direct reply would have created a first-class international sensation. Did the statesman, therefore, refuse an answer, or seek refuge in ambiguity? Not at all. Turning to the questioner more in sorrow than anger, he remarked : "You know damn well the answer is 'yes.' And you also know damn well I can't say so. My reply is 'no information.'" After which, he told us the whole story—a better story than anything in the papers that day.

Incidentally, he was speaking before more than a hundred newspaper men, and knew he was perfectly safe. There are no "leaks" at Washington, except intentional ones.

Which brings me to yet another category of American "news," which can only be described as news which isn't news but is, or the technique of the deliberate "leak." Just as nations have been known to leave blueprints of battleships lying around for the convenience of Japanese spies (it has happened in three countries in which I have been stationed), so it sometimes comes to pass that Washington would not scream if the Gestapo got hold of some particular item of information. In such cases it often happens that some correspondent with a specially well-constructed "grape-vine" linking his desk with Government circles comes out with a piece of news which causes quite a flutter in the various assorted Axis capitals. Questioned subsequently, the Administration keeps its face straight and says "just another rumour." (Washington's capacity for denying the obvious is not to be despised.)

An example of this type of inspired news was the publication of the fact that the U.S. strategic plans for countering any Japanese thrust southwards have been complete for weeks past, and that the "stop Japan" front was ready to function on the touching of a button. Every American journalist knows this to be so, but just try to get confirmation out of the State Department or Navy Department, and you will be met with a look of astonishment and surprise.

An even better example, perhaps, is Singapore, and the frequently-reported agreement with Britain for the pooling of the Pacific naval bases. Every well-informed correspondent in the U.S. believes that deal has been in the bag for the last three months. Yet only this week, when I mentioned Singapore to a high official at the Navy Department, I gathered that he had vaguely read of the place in the newspapers, but did not quite know where it was ! Maybe the Singapore deal is just another of those steps covered by that well-worn Washington formula which runs : "the step has been charted on paper, and definitely adopted, but not formally adopted. Wherefore we have no information."

At this moment the world would like to know precisely where Washington stands on the question of those Irish bases which England needs so badly ; how Washington weighs up the submarine campaign against British shipping, and what the American Government thinks of Britain's prospects in 1941. Well, two hundred men know the answers, for in this country one does not have to burgle Foreign Office records to get at the facts. But Gestapo tortures would not make any of those two hundred journalists squawk. All we can do is to imitate the Three Wise Monkeys—and wait for "news" to become just news.

The same hush-hush policy has cloaked, up to this writing, the real facts concerning the sabotage campaign in the U.S., which has resulted, if rumour is correct, in a varied assortment of strange and peculiar happenings, including the burning-down of part of the War Department, two fires at an important navy yard, the blasting of a dozen war plants in a month, and the finding of a time-bomb, just in time, aboard an army transport crowded with troops and their families, when en route from San Francisco to New York. Washington denied the bomb story ; the Navy authorities confirmed it. The anti-sabotage experts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, busily looking into some dozen and a half examples of buildings and ships which blazed up or blew up at odd hours, are saying nothing.

The story behind those explosions and fires has been soft-pedalled as a matter of high policy. It is the unfailing practice of the U.S. authorities, whenever they suspect sabotage, immediately to declare that sabotage is not suspected. It helps the task of making enquiries and keeps American citizens from getting excited and demanding that German diplomatic representatives are run out of the country overnight. For the same reason, the Government deliberately played-down the risks of a clash between the U.S. and Japan in the Orient ; knowing perfectly well that it would be fatally easy to have mass protest meetings demanding the bombing of Tokyo.

The results of thus splitting up the news into categories, and giving correspondents a sort of preview of what will be happening next week, or next month, are curious. We live—"à la Dunne" and the *Experiment with Time*—in a world in which we can glimpse the future before it happens. We knew that appeasement had been flung overboard with a loud splash, and that Hon. Japanese were out on a limb before Matsuoka-San received the information. And we can sense, even if not told in precise words, just how far the Axis can go (and also the well-upholstered fifth columns here) in ruffling the Eagle's feathers before the lid blows off creation.

In the light of that "off-the-record" information, it would appear that Mussolini and Franco are in grave danger of joining the Son of Heaven out on that limb. That Hitler's regime is booked for an early demise. And that the American nation was never further from bluffing than it is to-day, when every decision, however precipitate it may appear to the outside world, is the fruit of careful deliberation.

The American news in your newspaper is written by journalists who are permitted to be two jumps ahead of you. What is bothering the President and his official family to-day is not what they are talking about in public, but what they won't let out one cheep about for publication. On many of those key-subjects, high-ranking officials

have talked at length to correspondents, adding those fateful words: "but you can't print that, boys." The system has its points. It enables correspondents to be as well informed, within limits, as Cabinet Ministers. But it is responsible for a God-awful amount of high blood-pressure. HESSELL TILTMAN

APOLOGIA

WE know of course that beggars can't be choosers,
We know when drowning one must clutch at straws,
Allies we need if we would not be losers,
And dare not probe too deep for moral flaws,
But large crusading hosts of thugs and bruisers
Must always faintly prejudice the cause
Our history having recently recorded
Some aid may be too dear to be afforded.

While lacking an authoritative voice
To state our aims for general restitution,
(We pay our money and we take our choice
Clear from the *status quo* to revolution)
Still we can unaffectedly rejoice
That certain States have made no contribution,
So we in triumph need not be appeasers
Of modern Attilas and pseudo Caesars.

To virtue we may have but small pretension,
But somewhere everyone must draw the line
And with wholehearted thankfulness we mention,
No, more, with rapture words cannot define,
Our offer of untimely intervention
Rumania thought proper to decline,
Or we might have been called upon to rescue
The Iron Guard and Mr. Antonescu!

It's also not a little gratifying,
Though more by luck than management perhaps,
We have not been obliged to swear undying
Devotion to the "gallant little Japs."
Since propagandists must have found it trying
To bridge some manifestly awkward gaps
In making us appear the willing votary
Of Prince Inoye and his revolting coterie!

True, we were long compelled, postponing war,
To treat with the offscourings of humanity,
But none the less continued to deplore
Each blow at justice, truth and Christianity,
The worst that can be laid at Britain's door
Is trustfulness just verging on insanity—
We may have had a touch of Halifaxis,
We are at least a cut above the Axis! SAGITTARIUS

PR'UNCIATION AND OTHER THINGS

THE little girl aged two was looking through her coloured picture-book, pronouncing the names of the various animals as she recognised them. When she came to a picture of a rhinoceros, she slowly but surely repeated: "Rhinoceros." "There," said the nurse who was listening—and she spoke not without a certain amount of bitterness—"I have been trying to pronounce that word all my life, and here's a child can do it at the age of two."

It is strange how the correct pronunciation of some words evades us, try as we will to behave honestly by them. I know a man who says that he never feels at ease with the word "unconscionable." If he had the courage of his convictions, I fancy, he would pronounce it "un-con-sky-onnable." But few men have the courage of their convictions if they suspect they are wrong. What agonies have been caused to the sensitive, for example, by the attempt to pronounce the word "fleur-de-lys" as it ought to be pronounced. No sooner does one learn to pronounce the final "s" than one is told that the "s" in "fleur-de-lys," unlike the "s" in "lys," is silent. But, in whatever way one pronounces it, it is an even chance that the person to whom one is talking will regard one as an ignoramus. Because of this I never speak of the fleur-de-lys except among intimate friends. Who, unless he has the status of a Prime Minister, would willingly run the risk of being looked down on as a muddled mispronouncer?

As for "rhinoceros," I can see no difficulty about it. It is not a really puzzling word like "zebra," in which, I confess, I always forget whether the "e" should be short or long. "Cobra" is another minor hurdle of speech. For half a century I have pronounced it with a short "o"; yet all the authorities tell us that the "o" should be a long one—to my ear, a sound much less venomous. As for "camelopard," it is a word that I dare not pronounce in company. Even the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* seems to be in two minds about it. To me the camelopard will always be a camel-leopard. So was it when my life began; so is it now I am a man. So also is it with the word "ichneumon." The dictionary says that the "ch" should be pronounced as "k." I prefer to pronounce it as the "ch" in the Scottish "loch." I see no other.

It is the same with the names of flowers and other growing things. I prefer to pronounce "gladiolus," for example, with the accent on the third syllable, like everybody else. The dictionary tells me that I must pronounce it with the accent either on the first or on the second syllable, but this is a matter in which I favour the properispomenon and pronounce by prejudice. Another plant the name of which I like to mispronounce is lichen. The word, the authorities tell us, should be spoken with the "ch" sounded as "k." I cannot accept this. Pronounce it "litchen," and you can almost see it growing on the tree.

Take again the name of that vegetable—admirable in wartime, but always neglected during a long peace—the swede. As a child, I never heard it pronounced on a farm in any other way than "swade" to rhyme with the "suède" of gloves. You might think that by any other name it would taste as sweet, but it is not so. You must eat a raw young "swade" fresh from the field, calling it so, to enjoy its full flavour.

"Gooseberry" is another word horribly mispronounced by correct speakers. The "s," according to the dictionaries, should be pronounced as "z"; and many people go through life obeying the dictionaries. Not I, however. To me—a kind of Peter Bell—a goose remains a goose even in front of a berry. I can remember only once enjoying the "z" sound in the word. It was at an Irish meeting in Manchester at the beginning of the century when Lord Rosebery had thrown over Gladstonian Home Rule, and Alderman Joyce, the Shannon Pilot and M.P. for Limerick, came to rally the Irish race at home and abroad to the old standard. Alderman Joyce's vegetarian references to Lord Rosebery were, I thought, in modern language, devastating. "What," he asked, "does the Irish race at home and abroad care for all these Roseberys, gozeberries, razberries, and strawberries?" That "z" sound in "gooseberries" and "raspberries" seemed to me to be unanswerable. And I do not think Lord Rosebery ever attempted to answer it.

Mispronunciation of names is, of course, a very effective method of argument. Mr. Churchill is a master of it, pronouncing "Nazi" and "Gestapo" in a way in which an ordinary educated man would be ashamed to pronounce them, and yet making the things referred to seem doubly contemptible because of the way in which he deliberately mishandles their names. I thought, when listening to the wireless the other night, Mr. Churchill came very near calling Signor Mussolini "the Deuce." Even in ordinary life the mispronunciation of a name by an eminent man is generally regarded as crushing. I am sure that, if an unpopular man called Cholmondeley stood for a Parliamentary election, far the most effective argument his opponent could use on what are called the hustings, would be to pronounce his name exactly as it is spelt. To mispronounce a man's name shows the very ecstasy of contempt.

I remember Mr. Edward Shanks's telling me many years ago how a writer always deliberately mispronounced the names of people he disliked. I said to him: "He would probably pronounce my name with a long 'y.'" "He does," said Mr. Shanks, with that laugh from the shoulders which only Gerald du Maurier in the ball-room scene in *A Kiss for Cinderella* has rivalled.

An old friend tells me that the classic instance of deliberate mispronunciation occurred at a banquet at which Whistler had to propose the health of an academic authority on art, Sir Wyke Bayliss. All through his speech, Whistler spoke carefully of "Mr. Wyke." Every time he referred to Sir Wyke Bayliss as "Mr. Wyke," there were roars of appreciative laughter. Then Sir Wyke Bayliss rose to reply. He thanked an artist whom he called "Mr. Whistle" for the kind things he had said about him. And again the banqueters roared with laughter. Whistler was furious, rose from the table, and disappeared for the rest of the evening.

How petty we human beings are! How we like to have our names pronounced correctly and even spelt correctly! I confess I feel it even more keenly about other people's names than about my own.

If I see Jane Austen's name spelt with an "i," as the finest living critic is capable of spelling it in a moment of aberration, I feel "How awful!" To see Baudelaire printed as "Beaudelaire" causes a wound to the soul. Yet what does it ultimately matter? The greatest age in the history of English literature was the age of Elizabeth, when no one cared how names should be either spelt or pronounced, the name of Shakespeare among them. Did Shakespeare call himself "Sheck" or "Shake"? We do not know. When I was a boy, many people, influenced by Dr. Furnivall, called him "Shackspere." This was thought a learned discovery at the time. Like many learned discoveries, it is now obsolete.

Personally—as people say—I do not much worry about things of this kind. I pronounce the name of John Donne to rhyme with "gone," even though he has left an epigram which suggests that his name should rhyme with "fun." I dislike the pedantry that agitates itself over the pronunciation of the names of men who are dead. If we were pedants, we should have to alter our pronunciation of "Socrates."

About modern words I am more particular. When I hear some one on the wireless speaking of the French tricolour as "the trickler," something in the depths of my being protests. To give such a thin mean sound to a noble word is an outrage on the ear and the imagination. I also have prejudices in favour of the correct pronunciation of "indissoluble" and "Wednesday." At the same time, I do not hold with the modern craze for B.B.C.-baiting. Passions were aroused the other day when an announcer pronounced the name of Leominster as it is spelt. For my part I am amazed that the B.B.C. announcers, confronted with such a menagerie of strange names, get so many of them right. Every day, some new place-name like "Argurokastro" emerges, and never does the B.B.C. fail to make it more or less intelligible. How cleverly it taught us how to pronounce "Eritrea"! And most of us have learned from it by this time to speak the name of Mr. Roosevelt in the American fashion.

As a boy, I was inclined to feel derisively towards those who mispronounced names with which I myself was familiar. English visitors who could not pronounce such simple names as Belfast, Coleraine, Strabane, Doagh, and Ahoghill, seemed to me to be ridiculously ignorant. The Englishman's pronunciation of "Killagan" was the joke of a countryside. With greying hairs, however, I have achieved a wider tolerance. When inclined to feel superior, I remind myself that there was a time when I mispronounced the name of Manchester, and that it is only in recent years that I have come to be at ease with "Saskachewan." A visit to Wales with its double "l's" induces humility, in the vainest of us. If we are wise, we give up the attempt to pronounce correctly as hopeless. "Look after your pr'unciation," a man who taught me Irish once said to me. "Pr'unciation is half the battle." But is it? He called a dragon a "dragoon," and taught us none the worse on that account. It is good to try to pronounce correctly, but it is better not to be too serious about it. It is possible to lead a moderately good life without being able to pronounce "rhinoceros."

Y. Y.

MEETINGS WITH YEATS

A FEW months before the war, walking through Cork one morning, I saw a poster with these words on it: "Hitler mentions Eire twice." I had just been thinking of the effect England must have had on the Irish consciousness from Henry II down to Lloyd George, a brutal, powerful land just beyond the horizon always about to disgorge ships and troops upon its weak, poor neighbour. The poster showed me the other side of the Irish situation, how galling it was to Ireland to be ignored when it was not being laid waste, and what pleasure the nearest modern equivalent to Cromwell could give by casting a casual glance in the direction of Drogheda.

This Cork poster came back to me a few days ago when I was reading the letters exchanged between Yeats and Lady Gerald Wellesley. Anglo-Irish writers have always drawn even more attention to themselves than to their books. With Swift one thinks first not of *Gulliver's Travels* but of the tortured soul no longer lacerated by savage indignation, and so with the others, Goldsmith the wise zany, Sheridan witty even in the gutter, Wilde witty even in the dock, Shaw on a tub in Hyde Park, George Moore and shaded lamps, Yeats and Celtic Twilight. With Yeats, however, this urge towards self-dramatisation was more embarrassed than with the others, both because he was more of a poet and because he had a less clear idea of the self he wished to dramatise. His effect on those who met him began by being mysterious but ended by being only mystifying.

The first time I met him was in the autumn of 1912, when I was supposed to be helping Frank Harris to edit a ladies' paper called *Hearth and Home*. As Harris took no interest in anything but the salary he drew and the expenses he managed to extract from his unfortunate fellow-directors, I was free to write what I liked, and hearing that Yeats was living behind St. Pancras Church, hardly a hundred yards from where I was, it seemed to me that I could fill a page of *Hearth and Home* with very little trouble if Yeats would give me an interview. At this time he was in his later forties, and apart from his convenient situation I was anxious to see one of the most famous writers of the day. Getting no reply to my letter, I went round one morning after breakfast, rang the bell and waited in some nervousness for the door to open. The house was one of a row in a thoroughfare for pedestrians but not for traffic, an isthmus connecting two streets, a faded unpushful backwater with two or three small shops, and perhaps a shoemaker who subsisted on resoling shoes and a tailor who did not aspire beyond turning old suits. Presently the door opened, and there unmistakably was Yeats, in a dressing gown, a narrow dark passage behind him. Some moments having passed, during which I had a feeling as if his body were being slowly reanimated by its soul, returned for that purpose from some far region, Tibet perhaps, I explained who I was. Yeats, pushing his straggling hair back from his forehead, murmured: "Yes, yes, I remember. . . . Will you come upstairs?"

Seating himself in an upright armchair between the fire and a table on which a large volume rested, he said, in answer to a question put by me from the far side of the table: "I do not read my contemporaries. I cannot see their faults, for I share them, and so I read only in men who have been dead two or three hundred years. In them I am able to distinguish what is of permanent value from what is trivial, what is temporal." He opened the volume on the table. "This morning I have been reading in Donne, though indeed Donne has no faults." He smiled in a wan, abstracted way, as though the faultlessness of Donne were a mystery he had lost all hope of communicating to others. A little later, having mentioned Baudelaire, he paused to spell the name. I told him I knew it, and he explained that a journalist in New York had made him speak of "Bandolier." Taking advantage of a slight relaxation in his attitude, I asked if he thought Oscar Wilde a snob, a crudely framed question, but I had just been reading Harris's *Life of Wilde*, a work devoid of nuances. "Wilde was not a snob," Yeats answered. "He was an Irishman; and England to an Irishman is a far strange land. To Wilde the aristocrats of England were as the nobles of Baghdad." Frank Harris, I said, held that it was a nervous collapse not courage which prevented Wilde from fleeing the country before his trial. Did he agree with that view? "Wilde," Yeats replied, "was an Irish gentleman. It was with him a point of honour to face the trial. It could not have occurred to him to act otherwise."

My next meeting with Yeats was in the summer of 1924, at Maloja, in the Engadine. He was sitting outside the Palace Hotel with Lennox Robinson whose lively friendliness was in strong contrast with Yeats's gloom. Introducing myself, I mentioned the interview of twelve years earlier, and he said he remembered it, and that it was the best interview he had had, his sombre expression leaving me to infer what the other interviews were like.

He was spending two or three days at Maloja as the guest of my father, the head of a tourist firm, and Yeats's part in the arrangement was to deliver a lecture to the visitors at the Palace Hotel. Shortly before his lecture the headmistress of a fashionable girls' school came up to me and said: "I saw you this morning sitting on a sofa with Mr. Lennox Robinson. You were talking with him for half an hour. Didn't you feel proud?" This amiable lady was not below the general level of Yeats's audience, which, when Yeats recited "Innisfree" with an air of suppressed loathing, beamed ardently at him, as though ready at a word to fall in behind him and surge towards the bee-loud glade.

Yeats had changed a good deal since 1912. He was stouter, and carefully as well as picturesquely dressed. An aristocrat had been superimposed on the poet, and his small black eyes, hard as marbles, looked out upon the world with a mixture of contempt and mistrust. One evening when I was sitting with him and Lennox Robinson we were joined by H. A. L. Fisher, whose very proper eagerness to hear what Yeats thought of various famous writers brought out no responsive geniality in Yeats, his tired disdainful air quickening only at the name of Balzac, whose romanticisation of any and every form of power seemed to move him deeply. "All Nietzsche is in Balzac," he intoned, and on my expressing some surprise at this opinion, in view of Nietzsche's contempt for Balzac as a vulgarian obsessed with

money, Yeats gave me an angry look and withdrew into himself for a minute or two. Mr. Fisher, who was my tutor at Oxford, where I failed in my Finals, clearly being no more anxious than Yeats to hear further from me, I did not intervene again.

On another occasion a story I told brought out a certain humour which I had not suspected Yeats of possessing. "That is bizarre," he said. "I like what is bizarre in life. A short while ago I was asked by John Harris to give a lecture in Cambridge. The father of John Harris is a surgeon in Harley Street, and when I went into a barber's shop the barber was speaking of the father of John Harris, who, he said, was in reality the only surgeon in London, the others being merely his agents. A patient, the barber said, would call upon one of these men, who would be reputed to be skilful in some branch of surgery, and an operation would be arranged. But when the patient was under chloroform, the father of John Harris would come up through a trap door, perform the operation, and vanish before the patient was again conscious." Yeats laughed, there was a cunning gleam in his eye, and he looked very Irish.

Lady Gerald Wellesley compares Yeats with Coleridge. Each was a teacher as well as a poet, and neither achieved anything approaching what was expected of him. But whereas the genius of Coleridge is like a sunken treasure ship, and Coleridge a diver too timid and lazy to bring its riches to the surface, the genius of Yeats is like a rare plant, and Yeats a skilful, pertinacious gardener wrestling vainly with the weeds and sterile soil of Protestant Ireland. HUGH KINGSMILL

THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY

I SIGH for the heavenly country
Where the heavenly people pass
And the sea is as quiet as a mirror
Of beautiful beautiful glass.

I walk in the heavenly field
With lilies and poppies bright
I am dressed in a heavenly coat
Of polished white.

When I walk in the heavenly parkland
My feet on the pasture are bare
Tall waves the grass but no hurtful
Creature is there.

By night I fly over the housetops
And stand on the bright moony beams
Gold are all heaven's rivers
And silver her streams. STEVIE SMITH

POLITICAL PANTO

As so often, the Labour Movement being what it is, the Communists and their fellow-travellers are given a clear field when anything enterprising and politically educative needs to be done. So it has been left to them to re-establish, after about a century-and-a-half's neglect, the tradition of political satire on the English Stage. The only competition to the Unity came from the Group Theatre, which made an equally promising start and which a far-seeing Labour Movement would have taken under its wing; instead it was allowed to die from lack of support.

With its second pantomime, *Jack the Giant-Killer* (to be seen at the Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, on Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 2.30), the hard work which the Unity Theatre has done for some years in the face of great difficulties comes to maturity. In the past one has had to make too many allowances for these difficulties; and this kind of satirical hotch-potch is in many ways much more tricky to bring off as a successful whole than a straight play. They have now obviously learned a great deal from other intimate revues: in particular they have learned to limit themselves to what lies within their range, to cut their coat according to their backcloth; and, for an afternoon's entertainment, *Jack the Giant-Killer* compares quite favourably with the Gate or The Little. In Geoffrey Parsons, who writes the book and the lyrics, and Berkeley Fase, who writes the music, they have produced an excellent combination, and the anonymous cast improve with every production; neither of these results would have been possible without a permanent theatre and a constant audience on which they could make their experiments.

Fellow-travellers, of course, have a great advantage as satirists; they are attacking from interior lines and can strike in any and every direction, and no nonsense about hurting anyone's feelings. The party line has changed since the first pantomime, and if you were one of the hero's allies last time, you mustn't be surprised to find yourself the arch-enemy now: if last year you were fêted and wooed, this year, ten to one, you only figure in the text as a bad smell. Last year's wicked uncle is dead: the two Success Boys who take over his function this time are equally recognisable public figures, one of them a striking likeness. The ingredients, in fact, are very much the same as before, but better controlled and with much wittier lines. The Dame is as outspokenly dissatisfied and class-conscious as ever—here she is, for instance, giving her imitation of a Cabinet Minister's little boy:

Go to it—go to it—my daddy said to me
Go while the going's good, son, far across the sea.
My daddy told me the Island Race
Would win in the end—but just in case,
Safety first's my motto, so
Here's your ticket, off you go.
Go to it—go to it—I heard my daddy say
Go to your Auntie Mabel in the U.S.A.

Then there is the Home Front Fairy to reveal the hidden war aims

A Romanov Russia, Alfonso in Spain
And the Hapsburgs at last in Vienna again.

The Cliveden quartette reappear in a new version of themselves and give a delicious four-part rendering of "The Church's One Foundation," where the music is guyed as effectively as the words:

The war is our salvation
And we shall be content
To serve for the duration
At cost plus ten per cent. . . . .

Berkeley Fase is specially to be congratulated on the music. His fighting songs have a really moving quality without falling into bombast or sentimentality, and his dance song, "Me Without You," ought to have the same nation-wide appeal that was achieved in America by the songs from the Garment Workers' Union show, *Pins and Needles*. The verve and speed of Geoffrey Parsons' lyrics can be judged by another parody, the local Squire's Invasion Day version of "I'm to be Queen of the May":

You must clean my rubber truncheon, Mother, and lay out my Druid's tunic
For to-morrow will be the merriest day since the madcap month of Munich . . .
It's true the *Gau's* not a large one, it only covers the village
There'll be only the Vicar's wife to rape and the public-house to pillage
But though the position's a slight one, it might be a good deal slighter,
And I shall be the *Gauleiter*, Mother, I shall be *Gauleiter*.

There may be a little trouble, Mother, with the local Tory member
For he dined with the Führer at Nuremberg and the Führer may remember.
So call me early, Mother dear, I shall have to deal with the blighter
For I will be made *Gauleiter*, Mother, I will be made *Gauleiter*.

But in advising you to Go To It, I must repeat the warning that you may find its political morals pretty murky; your Labour leader, book club or favourite weekly is certain to be among the neo-traitors; you probably are yourself. Almost certainly some people will ask why it is allowed to go on, for it is thoroughly subversive; and the temptation to listen to such people may be particularly strong at the top of the Home Office. But the top of the Home Office would be much wiser to go and laugh at itself; and to put to itself once again a much more pertinent question: Why has the Elephant always allowed the Flea to steal the limelight? Why, even at this late date—or especially at this late date when the circumstances of the war throw a dramatic highlight on every conflict—does the Labour Movement neglect, as it has to its great cost for so long neglected, the urgent problem of political education? *Jack the Giant-Killer* shows one excellent way in which the problem might have been tackled. You may think its line wrong-headed, but it is thoroughly entertaining and it gets across. T. C. WORSLEY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"All This and Heaven Too," at Warner's
"Spring Parade," at the New Gallery

With two actors as distinguished as Bette Davis and Charles Boyer before us most of the time, one hardly grudges *All This and Heaven Too* its two and a quarter hours. But it moves slowly, and with a dramatic story suspense is too often itself suspended. It takes too long to build up (in Paris just before the Revolution) the situation of a love affair between governess and Duke, fostered by a wife's jealousy and ending with murder. Bette Davis gives one of her best performances as the governess, a new performance for her, quiet and stressed, with the stare less flaunted, the incision of voice keyed down. It is her film from first to last, with hardly a fault. Boyer makes the most of striking looks and grating charm, but the lover is rather often cloaked in the aristocrat. What takes up so many feet of celluloid, though, is the family of three young children, delightful in themselves, who for stretches make the nursery the foreground of the story. We are to be shown a governess's story, and here, in perspective, it is. *All This and Heaven Too* can be recommended as a sober, dramatic tale, touching in its love passages, which will appeal even to cinema-goers (if there are any) who do not admire its chief actress.

Spring Parade is a pre-war—pre-last war—musical of old Vienna. The shop around the corner is the baker's, whose door admits court emissaries and love-sick corporals and tinkles a fragment of a waltz whenever it opens. Every morning the soldiery parade through the streets with a band, windows are flung open by lovely girls and snapped to by their enraged lovers, and in the evenings uniform and cravat and flounce meet and melt together under trees in wine-gardens. Etiquette irresistibly puts first things first. A drummer (Robert Cummings) on the prowl places two fingers to his mouth and hails, unintentionally, his commanding officer. "What the devil do you think you're doing?" "I wanted a boy to take a message, Sir." "To a girl?" "Yes, Sir." "Very well, then, Corporal." To these streets of spinning waltzers and smiles Schubertian comes a peasant-girl (Deanna Durbin) dizzy from a neighbouring fair. Though there's not much of the country-side about her she can dance and sing, and exploits the looks and odd knots of adolescence enchantingly. Corporal and peasant-girl make a very pretty pair of lovers. They kiss and quarrel and end up at the Emperor's ball; he conducting the waltz he has written, she singing the words. This is a charming film which enjoys its own frisky fancies. It just misses the light certainty of touch that would make it something more; that would bridge the gap, for example, between a Waldteufel air and its modern imitation, and see that a peasant girl taking off five petticoats would be funnier than a peasant girl taking off twenty. However, it's good *café crême*, with real cream.

Berkeley Square at the Vaudeville

One hopes that this revival will be a success, if for no other reason, to encourage other managers to take the risks of London and give us matinées at least. If the play itself seems less interesting than it might be, that no doubt is because Time-shifting as a dramatic device has been freely used since this play was written and often more adroitly. But André van Gyseghem's production makes the best of it; and it is always worth watching the skill with which Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson uses her quiet open-eyed fay-ness. After a start in the present day where he seems to over-emphasise the character's nervous restlessness, Mr. Gyseghem's Peter Standish transposes himself with great assurance into the eighteenth century and manages the moods, comic and pathetic, with an easy touch; while the other characters successfully fulfil their function of sketching in the period backgrounds.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, January 4th—
Chopin-Scriabine-Liszt Recital by Julius Isserlis, 151 Finchley Road, N.W.3, 3.
L. A. G. Strong: "Experiment in the Modern Novel," Dick Sheppard Centre, 52 Queensway, 2.30. Admission 1s., including tea.
Opening of "The Nightlight"—a new theatre-club, 12 Little Newport Street. Performances 2 and 7.

SUNDAY, January 5th—
Rt. Hon. Lord Snell: "New Year's Cross Currents of Hope and Fear," Conway Hall, 11.
First of twenty-four lectures by K. B. Smellie on "Social Philosophy," I.S.T.D., 17 Manchester Street, W.1, 11. Fee for course £2; single lectures, 2s.

MONDAY, January 6th—
Fabian International Affairs Group Snack Lunch. Dr. Adam Pragier: "The Present and Future of Poland," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 1.

WEDNESDAY, January 8th—
"Rise Above It," "Q" Theatre.

THURSDAY, January 9th—
Dr. F. Saxl: "Rembrandt and the Classical Tradition," Courtauld Inst. of Art, 1.15.
Chamber Music Concert by the Kamaran Trio, Art Gallery, Brighton, 3.

FRIDAY, January 10th—
National Peace Council Conference, St. Hilda's College, Oxford. Till Jan. 13th. Full particulars from 39 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

LEFT TURNINGS

SIR,—It was refreshing for a private in the Army, who hopes—and finds most of his fellow privates sharing this hope—that a social revolution will follow this war, to read in your issue of December 28th a letter from Flying Officer R.A.F.V.R. He castigates Mr. Dutt's light-headed remark to the effect that invasion of this country was not seriously contemplated. That section of the community to which your correspondent belongs—the combatant officer class—has been and of necessity has to be regrettably silent while the war is in progress. If we are to judge by the last war and the Prime Minister's speeches it is likely to be silent after the war is finished. No doubt it has "its hopes and ideals for this country" as your correspondent claims. But what are they? And are they not more likely "to bear fruit," as your correspondent desires, if planted now in the minds of the people, rather than withheld until a time when such able writers as your correspondent may be dead.

Mr. Dutt, too, has his hopes and ideals which he propounds and discusses with conspicuous ability. But I do not think he is progressing towards their realisation. In the light of past experience, it is clear that revolutionaries should make great efforts to secure the support of the army. I have found in the ranks a very great respect for honesty, integrity and consistency. It is for this reason that politicians, and particularly those politicians who held power in the years directly preceding the war, are held in such bitter contempt. Those who made no bones about deceiving the people, misrepresenting facts, saying one thing on one occasion and its direct opposite a little later have at last contrived to lose their popular appeal. In this respect Mr. Dutt behaves in much the same way as did the leaders of the Conservative party. In my opinion he must expect much the same results.

To your correspondent and that comparative handful of men associated with him clearly we owe much and we may yet owe more. We regard them with pride and thankfulness. We would like to share their hopes and ideals. But all of us, even the humblest, are meeting hardship, danger and worst of all, as the King observed, separation, as a result of the war. In some dim corner of the mind these things do breed idealism. Many are formulating their picture of the society for whose distant sake they are now suffering. The one thing I have found common among these aspirations is change. Modern war affects profoundly the life of all or almost all. We've lost our jobs, we've lost our homes, we've lost our individuality. We've therefore given up that deification of security which always tended to range us on the "safe" side before the war. Our lives have been revolutionised, so revolution isn't any more the bogy that it once was. Now that we've been bombed out of these past lives or conscripted out of them, when we look back they seem a little inadequate, a little deficient in some vital qualities. We want our effort in this war to win us something better.

This is what I think we are learning. First, that society must become more co-operative, that private property cannot be made the basis of our economic lives. Therefore that we must end exploitation and imperialism. Second, that the class structure of our state is intolerable; that there must be equal opportunity and a far more equal distribution of purchasing power; eventually therefore a classless society. These, I think, will increasingly become the hopes and ideals of the "other ranks." Apart from any other consideration I believe the army would attain greater efficiency if it was known that the officers shared them. "PRIVATE"

LONDON'S CHILDREN

SIR,—As leader of the minority party on the L.C.C. Education Committee, I welcomed the article by Dr. Joad in your last issue dealing with the deplorable state which has arisen in connection with the elementary education of London school-children. As far as I am aware this is the first occasion on which a newspaper or, for that matter, a public document has attempted to give many of the important facts and figures detailed in your article. It was a few months ago that at a London County Council meeting I put down a question to the Chairman of the Education Committee with the object of elucidating some of the information which your readers now have. At the last moment and at the special request of the Leader of the Council, I was asked, on grounds of public policy, not to press the question. I found it difficult to resist such a serious request. Neither at the time nor subsequently have I been given privately the information asked for. It may not be known by many of your readers, that the London Education Committee has not met for many months and that the responsibility for dealing with the admittedly very difficult problems that have arisen (some due to Government indecision) has rested with the Chairman of the Committee, which obviously means in practice on most questions with the Council's officials. Such decisions, it is true, are confirmed by the Council at their monthly meeting, but the damage has been done and there is no opportunity of shaping policy as there is under a Committee system. ERIC HALL

Petersfield.

RHODESIAN CONFLICT

SIR,—Mr. Joelson's charge against Miss Hinden is entirely unwarranted. Her article contained neither "mis-statements" nor "half-truths." How much else to the same purpose she might have written may be judged by the following facts, alongside which Mr. Joelson's assurances may be seen as what they are. Southern Rhodesia was granted a constitution in 1923, when Mr. Churchill was at the Colonial Office. That constitution contained no trace of a colour bar. Subsequent Secretaries of State allowed certain changes in the constitution. As the result of those changes, the right to own and lease land in the more fertile parts of the country that contain all the towns and all the gold mines, is restricted to the 6 per cent. of the inhabitants who are of European origin, though the majority of the population in those parts is African. In the towns, furthermore, no African is allowed to own or lease a township plot. So effectively are Africans excluded from the franchise in S. Rhodesia that fewer than sixty of them have votes.

Mr. Joelson goes on to praise recent policy in British East Africa generally, where, as he rightly says, policy is controlled by the Colonial Office, which is responsible entirely to Imperial Parliament. Northern Rhodesia is one of the countries so governed, and everything Miss Hinden wrote about the copper mines there is strictly accurate. Let me add that in 1937 (I have no precise figures for any later year) htose copper mining companies paid, in dividends of from 20 per cent. to 80 per cent., over £5,000,000, as compared with a total wage bill of £244,000, paid to 17,000 African miners. In that same country and in the same year, the Government spent £38,000

on the education of its 1,045 European children, or about £37 per head. On the education of the 170,000 African children of school age it spent £33,000 or about 4s. per head. The latest figures for Kenya are less extreme, £23 per European and 4s. 6d. per African child. But in that country, where all parents have to pay fees, more than half the European parents have their fees partly remitted and one-eighth of them have their fees wholly remitted. African children, by contrast, are expelled from school if their parents cannot pay their fees, though they contribute to the revenue of the country, that is thus used to subsidise the education of European children, a far larger proportion of their incomes than do Europeans.

The issue Miss Hinden raised is this. We condemn the Nazis for claiming to be Herrenfolk, an aristocracy of race, and for treating Poles and the rest as innately inferior. That is exactly how we used to treat Indians and is now how we treat the people of East Africa. NORMAN LEYS

SIR,—I am afraid that I cannot share Mr. Joelson's complacency about Southern Rhodesian native policy. Under the name of "Parallel Development," black and white are being segregated into clearly-defined areas of the country. In the "black" areas, Africans are, theoretically, allowed to climb "every step of the industrial and social pyramid," in the words of the Prime Minister of the Colony, "excepting only—and always—the very top. . . . In the European areas the black man will be welcomed when, tempted by wages, he offers his services and labour; but it will be on the understanding that there he shall merely assist, and not compete with, the white man."

There might conceivably be strong arguments for such a policy, except that the Africans, who outnumber the Europeans by more than 20 to 1, possess only 30 per cent. of the land, widely scattered in small patches and with bad communications. "Of 1,350 miles of railway, approximately only 60 miles traverse native lands, and the position as regards main road communications is little better," writes the most recent Royal Commission Report on Rhodesia. Native lands are also considered inferior in respect of both soil and rainfall, and most, if not all, minerals are in the European area. Southern Rhodesia has also instituted Pass Laws limiting the freedom of movement of natives, and compelling them, in the towns, to be in their "locations" between 9 p.m. and 5 a.m. These humiliating laws, which have their counterpart in South Africa, are detested by the natives. As one of the members of the 1939 Royal Commission sums up: ". . . the native policy of Southern Rhodesia is, in some respects, one which it is not easy to reconcile with the declared policy of successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies." This Commission came to the definite conclusion that Southern Rhodesian native policy "differs in many respects, both in theory and to a considerable extent in practice, from that of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland," which are governed direct from Whitehall. This is in direct contradiction to Mr. Joelson's statement that these policies are "essentially analogous."

As for the attitude of East African settlers towards the Colonial Office, my impression, from constant reading of the settlers' press since the outbreak of war, was that their feelings were not of the friendliest, though this has nothing to do with their loyalty to Britain in the war. Their desire is to be unfettered in ruling their country. It is true that similar frictions preceded the progress to Dominion status in other colonies, but the likeness goes no further. "Independence" in the Dominions meant independence for the majority of the population; "independence" in tropical Africa, as the settlers understand it, means handing over the majority to a tiny minority who have not proved their capacity, or even their desire, to treat the interests of the majority as equal to their own. This situation is paralleled only in South Africa, where the Europeans have had their way. Can Mr. Joelson put his hand on his heart and state that an "independent" East Africa would be more considerate to its majority than South Africa has been? RITA HINDEN

REGIONALISM

SIR,—Ritchie Calder is evidently supporting the new idea of introducing another stage into our local government system by extending it to a larger region or province. The arguments for this proposal are becoming better known, as they have been latterly expounded by the Regional Commissioners who are acting under the Civil Defence organisation. These gentlemen have become enamoured of their powers and position, and naturally wish it to be a permanency by linking it up with the whole local government system. While there is much to be said for regional administration, now that transport and telephones abolish boundaries, there is a frightful danger ahead in connection with the growing power of the bureaucratic officialism.

Already, in our County Council work, especially in education and the highways, the official control is extremely powerful, and the ordinary member of the Council has little voice in many aspects of policy. We may be sure that this power of the official will be further extended in a regional administration, and as the autocratic mind is strengthened by what it feeds on, the public representative will become as impudently ignored as he often is in county affairs. SIDNEY H. VINCENT

STATE CAPITALISM

SIR,—Mr. Nicholas Davenport suggests that the proposals for a capital tax and post-war capital levy are merely my individual idea, and have not been endorsed by the Labour Party. I would remind him that this year's Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth carried a resolution calling for "the immediate restriction of profits and the imposition of a levy on capital." DOUGLAS JAY

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SIR,—In your comment upon "Four to Fourteen: A List of Books for Boys and Girls," which is sponsored by the British Council for distribution abroad, you make the surprising statement: "This seems a pleasant gesture, if not a very useful one."

As one who has probably called upon more booksellers, from Reykjavik to Budapest, than any other Englishman, may I say that if there is one thing they would almost all welcome it is information about books for children in English.

40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1. STANLEY UNWIN, Chairman of the Books and Periodicals Committee of the British Council.

Many thanks! Please go on!

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE solemn American passion for being taught, by handbooks and guides, things which the rest of us suppose come by instinct and experience, has given a lot of pleasure to the world. How to think, how to listen, how to smile—the American is sure he will do it better if he looks it all up first. He is sometimes right; but I would not have thought it possible for anyone to write a book on how to read a book.* Essays, of course, have often been done. Bacon's essay kills the subject in two pages, and beyond that the flowerier dons and word-caressers have digressed to tell us, not how to read but of how we ought to feel when we do so. Yet the subject of reading methods opens an enormous field of anecdote as well as instruction. We evoke the cat-and-mouse browsers of Charing Cross Road, the exalted book thieves, the margin scribblers, the passionate book rippers, the rural parrots who can spout books by the hour, the one-book-men, pawning students, groping earls and literary workmen. The most striking reader I ever saw at work was an American, a man who seemed to have some of Mr. Adler's dour deliberation in his nature. I saw him sitting in a rocker on the porch of his store in a Tennessee creek, some years back, an old man like Captain Kettle with beard, spectacles on the tip of his nose, a pair of revolvers on his hips and a book open on his knees. It was a huge Bible, and he was marking passages in it with a piece of chalk, passages by which, he told me, he was going to refute the Methodists when they came over from the next creek to preach the following Sunday. This same man was a sheriff and had held a prisoner in his store, roped to a chair for several hours, while he read the Scriptures at him. That, I think, is real reading. Indeed, my tastes agree with what appear to be those of Mr. Adler. Reading may give pleasure, but to set up reading for pleasure as an ideal is fatal to one's own appetite and unlikely to attract many converts to knowledge or literature. People say (Mr. Adler writes) that they want to relax into a book after a hard day's work; if they find they have relaxed they are not reading well. The infallible sign that you have read a book as it should be read, Mr. Adler says, is fatigue. The ropes round the arm, the sheriff's guns before your eyes, a pitiless and rather sardonic voice crackling monotonously on—those, I think, are the most fruitful sensations. Read for pain.

* * *

It is strange that publishers and those who spend time enticing the public to read, have not thought of the attractions of agony, the blackmail of guilt, the whip of duty. A vast public goes guiltily through life congratulating itself on the numbers of great books it has escaped reading. This public knows the appeal to easy pleasure is a lie. A candid statement that reading is difficult, exhausting, likely to cause growing pains to the mind and to prevent one from enjoying "natural" pleasures, might be attractive. It attracted the Victorians and all those who have spent time on self-education and self-improvement; and the Victorians rejoiced, as men of talent rejoice that the awakening from lethargy is unpleasant. What Mr. Adler is saying, and what I admire him for saying, is that it is a social and political duty to read and to read well. I admire also a public which is willing, as the American public evidently is, to be taught the principles of the art of reading.

* *How to Read a Book.* By Mortimer J. Adler. Jarrolds. 8*s.* 6*d.*

How to Read a Book is, all the same, not a book which transplants well on this side of the Atlantic. Serious, earnest, its rules set out, subdivided, amplified and sub-divided again, so that, in theory, you ought not to funk reading anything from Hobbes' *Leviathan* to Professor Whitehead, the book has the common American faults of repetition, elaboration and love of the obvious. By Mr. Adler's standards I have never been taught to read non-imaginative literature, which is the sole concern of his book; but I find that I obey his rules. I have always asked: What in general is being said? I try to remember: What in particular is being said? I tie myself in knots trying to decide If it is True. As for, What of it? that is a question I never miss. Those whose minds are untrained or self-trained—and this must apply to a huge number of us—rely on a kind of instinct which is always sensitive to the final question, How complete has the author been? I note the important words an author uses. I even note important words and paragraphs (I tested my accuracy on Mr. Adler and found that where I had skipped I had missed none of the important arguments). I certainly pause to think between paragraphs. My mind, in fact, reads in three or four ways at once as he says it should. All this is very gratifying. Alas, this virtue amounts to nothing. In nine cases out of ten I forget everything I read. I sink back into the slough of illiteracy. Why? I have been interested, but I have not been moved. Unless I am moved, unless a real need beyond that of mere brain-swelling knowledge is satisfied, I do not understand.

* * *

Such an unacademic state of mind could not appeal to educationists. Mr. Adler would say that we who read in this fashion are likely to read too widely in search of sensation and not well enough. We should tread a narrow and thorny path. But reading has long stretches of wilderness where only the thorn flourishes. We wander looking for the fertile places. Is it true that to receive a book emotionally as well as intellectually, so that its effect on the brain is like music, a composition of Bach, is bad reading because we have not analysed the arguments? I could not write out the arguments of the *Phaedo* or summarise the exalted haggling of Unamuno's *Tragic Sense of Life;* yet at different times these books ruled my mind like kings. This plea may seem to run against the earlier argument for the pains of reading, but in fact in reading one experiences the educative influence of pleasure after the pain has been endured. The mind must lose its virginity.

* * *

Mr. Adler is most interesting when he is not catering for the American love of tabulation and formulae. To the untrained student or self-educating man, certain of his points are valuable and will save time. The half-educated, when they disagree, are apt to feel personally affronted by an author: This man ought to be shot. That has happened too frequently in the last few years of Europe's revolutions of the half-educated. Mr. Adler is soothing about disagreement. Then the self-educated come to books through contemporary books as a rule—and usually through books about books, a time-wasting experience—and work backwards. It is easier, and one gains more, if one loses some superficial excitement, to be more orderly and begin in the past with books which are original sources. It is better to have some regard for chronology. This will seem a childish truism to university students who have learned it; yet it seems to stick only in the minds of the academics. We seem only to respect the habits we have made for ourselves. Not for many years did I learn the pleasure of what Mr. Adler calls "extrinsic reading" i.e., reading the literature around a book, I mean books which link it to its period and its predecessors. Critics do this for us; but how the palate responds to food we have chewed for ourselves! We do this more as we get older; and although it is sound advice of Mr. Adler's to say we should begin with the world's great masterpieces because they are simple and fundamental and are written for the ordinary man—a chorus of exceptions, of course, cries out in the mind—the desire for simplicity and for the fundamental comes much later in life. In youth we love complexity, and if one masterpiece leads to another they also cancel each other out.

* * *

There might be a rise in the standard of the technique of reading, far less passive sun-bathing on the Lido of literature, and far more active, northerly alertness, if all books in English were destroyed and we were obliged to read in a foreign language. I never understood grammar until it was presented to me in the fairy-tale complexity of German. Discovering that we too had our dative and genitive was like a patriotic experience. The history of Europe passed through my mind without leaving a trace, in English; in the urgent, human generalisations of the Spanish historians, it stuck. Philosophy in French or Spanish seemed more *like* philosophy. In our own language we begin on things with an unnourishing greed, bolting it all down. But in a foreign language we are forced to read slowly. We look up meanings. We re-read sentences. We are obliged to reflect. We owe it to our self-respect as budding linguists. Everything foreign seems significant. The trap is obvious, especially when one sees what banal quotations have stuck in the minds of foreign writers. One would assume that Longfellow was the most pregnant thinker in the English tongue. But a foreign language is like gin to a dull appetite.

* * *

A list of books for the arduous reader is at the end of Mr. Adler's manual. The list is not laid down as law; if it were, Thackeray (works of) and Stendhal (*The Red and the Black*) just would look odd. Mr. Adler's list frowns with the highest aspirations. It seems to be directed to the making of good citizens, like those serious men who drew up the American Constitution. Are we likely to have better laws from men who have read a few of the right books well? Napoleon? Well, perhaps it is not certain. But German history seems to show that they may preserve us from aberrations, as long as prophetic works and autobiography are excluded. Mr. Adler finds a decline in reading well in America—the American courses seem to be overcharged—just as I. A. Richards was shocked by the minds of undergraduates, and the American is quite right in thinking this is politically dangerous. But he is too rambling, emphatic and monotonous a writer to go into this interestingly. He flogs his method until it is dead; there is a serious shortage of quoted examples and I fancy it would have been better to have divided books into subjects. One reads history very differently from the sciences. In one of his brighter asides he suggests that the decline in the capacity to read is due to the counter-attraction of science. Science dazzles with its tricks and pushes the masters into the past. It makes a world which we have not assimilated. The effect of the war, however, has been to weaken the prestige of science; or at least to show that ancient and fundamental human problems have not been superseded, and we are in fact nearer the murderous conditions of the Middle Ages. This indeed seems the right moment for reading the classics with tears, for that disciplining of the mind which, Mr. Adler correctly says, really preserves freedom. A book on his lines, but written specially for the lazier and less literal half-read Englishman would be useful. People used to read in England when they were properly driven to it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LAISSEZ-FAIRE

English Saga. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Collins and Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Bryant's *Saga* is history with a purpose. It is an indictment of the "laissez-faire system" which dominated English politics in the period 1840-1940 and which, according to Mr. Bryant, has gone far to destroy what Englishmen most value, their real freedom, which is based on security, status and privilege, and pride of task. The *laissez-faire* system in the field of government meant non-interference, in commerce it meant free-trade and competition, for the individual it meant conduct based upon self-interest — "private profit-making became accepted as an end in itself." The object of the whole system was wealth, and again wealth.

> In the sphere of economics, covering nine-tenths of man's daily life, the test of every activity increasingly came to be not "Is it just?" but "Does it pay?" . . . Man, who had once tried to model his life on the divine, came to take his orders from the lender of money and the chartered accountant acting in their purely professional capacity.

Chiefly to blame for this disastrous state of affairs was the "false philosophy" of the Benthamite Utilitarians. By their reduction of all conduct to action based on enlightened self-interest, by their "unbalanced obsession with the individual," the Utilitarians delivered over "the continuing society" to the caprice of the individual, set profit in the place of virtue, and left to private charity what should have been the function of the State. By elevating the individual, however, they did not reinforce the individual conscience, for they were eudaemonists and denied its existence. They sought only the extension of his pleasure, and it was an historical fatality that the Industrial Revolution and Britain's maritime supremacy enabled them to achieve their end with monstrous success.

Mr. Bryant has a good case, but he overstates it. He is certain of general approval when he condemns profit-making and the "spirit of accumulation" as principles of civilisation. He is equally certain of that approval when he points to the neglect of the collective good which followed from "obsession with the individual." We applaud such judgments as :

> It is an error in human mathematics to argue that any course which creates contented citizens can be economically unsound. Figures that prove anything so preposterous lie.

And :

> In time of war nothing can save the State but the character of its people. The man who for selfish ends undermines it is the real fifth columnist.

The cure for excessive individualism, however, is certainly not, whatever it may be, the conservative rejection of the great tradition of rationalism from which it sprang. Utilitarianism was a stage in that great historical movement of the emancipation of the individual which was first asserted in the Reformation and which the enlightenment re-stated in secular terms. Against that movement Mr. Bryant appears to set his face. He does not, in so many words, say so, but all the signs point that way. The revealing passages are those (pages 174-186) on, and from Disraeli, who is the Satanic hero of the book. In these passages Mr. Bryant shows himself to be one of those who prize our institutions, not for their demonstrable utility, but for their venerable age. He is like the gardener who praised the apple-tree, which had ceased to bear, on the ground that it had very extensive roots. It was this very extension that was the trouble. What the tree needed was a little root-pruning. It is not enough, like Mr. Bryant, to pepper the pages with the word "ancient," used in a meliorative sense, to qualify whatever in our politics seems to be valuable. We hear no end from Mr. Bryant of "our ancient character," "our ancient institutions," "our ancient equality," "our ancient Church," "our ancient manners," "ancient liberty," and so on. For Mr. Bryant this *is* enough. Ancient means good.

This indiscriminate, uncritical adulation of the pre-Utilitarian, pre-*laissez-faire*, English Past puts Mr. Bryant at a great disadvantage in dealing with his own criticism of the present. His book is packed with the most excellent and well-taken objections to the present state of our affairs. But he has no practical, constructive proposals to set against these. Indeed, we must suspect him of being often unaware of much of the practical complexity of the problems with which he deals. Of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, for instance, he appears to consider, quite simply, that it ought not to have been done. In this, his attitude seems to differ little from one of those whose views he rejects, Lord Aberdeen. In a memorandum, in 1851, Prince Albert wrote :

> Lord Aberdeen declared his inability to join in a Protectionist Ministry; he did not pretend to understand the question of Free Trade, but it was a point of honour with him not to abandon it, and now, since Sir Robert Peel's death, a matter of piety.

Mr. Bryant, it might be said, not without malice, has not felt really at home since the Tudors left.

It is a general criticism of Mr. Bryant that he has an inadequate grasp of the practical difficulties with which statesmen have to contend. His views, strongly and passionately held, stop short of detail. As a result his diagnosis is not followed by a concrete statement of remedy. There is a last chapter called "Way of Redemption," which, in the main, repeats the diagnosis, but prescribes only a call to conscience. A call to conscience is good; it is essential. But it is not enough. We need not only to be exhorted to civic virtue and public duty, we need also to be offered precise views of what our duties are. The concrete ends and means are everything in politics. We should all like a system in which stability and progress were harnessed to a due hierarchy of function, in which status and privilege went with merit, and humanity with justice. But how are we to get it? What are the expedients and the means? How much is possible in given historical conditions? These are all questions which Mr. Bryant conspicuously raises, but does little to settle. We take leave to doubt his assurance that the Tudors had an answer.

English Saga may not offer us much in the way of a constructive remedy for our discontents: it is, nevertheless, a most enjoyable book. As befits an author whose eye is bent on ancient, and hearty, England the book is robust and vital. Moreover the eye is a pageant writer's eye, which seizes upon the great pictorial effects. In a review of the hundred years since 1840, the author devotes almost two-thirds of his space to the first thirty years; 1870 is the watershed. Eighteen hundred and forty is the Green Land Far Away—

> "Wurken on the land is lovely wurk," said the old Buckinghamshire labourer, "and in mi time I wurked furteen and fifteen hours a day, but that was afuur the machines come about. We sowed by hand, ripped by hand, and threshed wi' the thraiul. It was lovely wurk, and that was how it done when I was a young man."

But the Green Land disappears in the hungry 'forties with the spread of the Mills, and the Iron Horse. Then come the fighting 'fifties, symbolised by Pam, "the people's darling." In the 'sixties the colour of England gives place to comfort, and Mr. Bryant's note becomes grimmer and still more nostalgic.

Mr. Bryant's style has the race and urgency of spontaneous writing, with the body in it that deep feeling lends. *English Saga* is well worth reading, worth pondering, and worth refuting.

CHARLES H. WILSON

NEW NOVELS

Darkness at Noon. By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Cape.* 8s.

Never Come Back. By JOHN MAIR. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

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Mr. Arthur Koestler should know something about prison, for he has spent a respectable proportion of the past four years there. First a long stretch in one of Franco's fortresses, with the sound of firing squads ringing through the walls twenty or thirty times a day; then a year or so of internment in France; then escape to England, and a fresh internment in Pentonville

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—from which he has just been unconditionally released, however. In no case, needless to say, has he been accused of any particular crime. Nowadays, over increasing areas of the earth, one is imprisoned not for what one *does* but for what one *is*, or, more exactly, for what one is suspected of being. Still, Mr. Koestler can congratulate himself on having hitherto fallen only into the hands of amateurs. If England imprisoned him, it at any rate let him out again, and did not force him beforehand to confess to poisoning sheep, committing sabotage on the railways or plotting to assassinate the King.

His present novel, fruit of his own experiences, is a tale of the imprisonment, confession and death of one of the Old Bolsheviks, a composite picture having resemblances to both Bukharin and Trotsky. The events in it follow the normal course. Rubashov, one of the last survivors of the original Central Committee of the Communist Party, is arrested, is charged with incredible crimes, denies everything, is tortured by means of deprivation of sleep, etc., etc., confesses everything, and is shot in the back of the neck. The story ends with a young girl in whose house Rubashov has once lodged wondering whether to denounce her father to the Secret Police as a way of securing a flat for herself and her future husband. Almost its whole interest, however, centres about the intellectual struggle between three men, Rubashov himself and the two G.P.U. officers, Invanov and Gletkin, who are dealing with his case. Ivanov belongs to the same generation as Rubashov himself and is suddenly purged and shot without trial in the middle of the proceedings. Gletkin, however, belongs to the new generation that has grown up since the Revolution, in complete isolation both from the outside world and from the past. He is the "good Party man," an almost perfect specimen of the human gramophone. Ivanov does not actually believe that Rubashov has committed the preposterous deeds he is charged with. The argument he uses to induce him to confess is that it is a last service required of him by the Party. The common people, he says, cannot grasp that "deviation" is a crime in itself; therefore crimes of the sort that they can understand—murder, train-wrecking and so forth—must be invented. Gletkin uses the same argument, but his attitude is somewhat different. It is never certain whether he believes Rubashov to be guilty or not; or, more exactly, no distinction between guilt and innocence exists in his mind. The only form of criticism that he is able to imagine is murder. As he sees it, anyone capable of thinking a disrespectful thought about Stalin would, as a matter of course, attempt to assassinate him. Therefore, though the attempt at assassination has perhaps not been made, it can be held to have been made; it exists, like the undrawn production to a line. Gletkin's strength lies in the complete severance from the past, which leaves him not only without pity but without imagination or inconvenient knowledge. On the other hand, it was the weakness of the Old Bolsheviks to have remained Europeans at heart, more akin to the society they overthrew than to the new race of monsters they created.

When Rubashov gives in and confesses, it is not because of the torture—he has suffered worse at the hands of the Nazis without confessing—so much as from complete inner emptiness. "I asked myself," he says at his trial, almost in Bukharin's words, "'For what am I fighting?'" For what, indeed? Any right to protest against torture, secret prisons, organised lying and so forth he has long since forfeited. He recognises that what is now happening is the consequence of his own acts—even feels a sort of admiration for Gletkin, as the kind of subhuman being probably needed to guide the Revolution through its present stage. The Moscow trials were a horrible spectacle, but if one remembered what the history of the Old Bolsheviks had been it was difficult to be sorry for them as individuals. They took the sword, and they perished by the sword, as Stalin presumably will also, unless he should happen to die prematurely, like Lenin.

Brilliant as this book is as a novel, and a piece of prison literature, it is probably most valuable as an interpretation of the Moscow "confessions" by someone with an inner knowledge of totalitarian methods. What was frightening about these trials was not the fact that they happened—for obviously such things are necessary in a totalitarian society—but the eagerness of Western intellectuals to justify them. Correspondents of Liberal newspapers pronounced themselves "completely satisfied" by the confessions of men who had been dragged into the light after, in some cases, years of solitary confinement; an eminent lawyer even produced the theory that the loss of the right to appeal was a great advantage to the accused! The simultaneous cases in Spain, in which exactly the same accusations were made but no confessions obtained, were sedulously covered up or lied about in the Left-wing press. It was, of course, obvious that the accused in the Russian cases had been tortured or threatened with torture, but the explanation is probably more complex than that. Mr. Koestler thinks, like Souvarine, that "for the good of the Party" was probably the final argument; indeed, his book is rather like an expanded imaginative version of Souvarine's pamphlet, *Cauchemar en U.R.S.S.* As a piece of writing it is a notable advance on his earlier work.

Mr. Mair is really dealing with the same world as Mr. Koestler, but in a spirit of burlesque. What the appearance of his book—it could fairly be described as a Left-wing thriller—signifies is that the horrible political jungle, with its underground parties, tortures, pass-words, denunciations, forged passports, cipher messages, etc., is becoming sufficiently well known to be suitable material for "light" literature. This is all to the good, for the general run of thrillers are socially and politically more out of date than the *Daily Telegraph* correspondence column or the jokes in *Punch*. The hero of Mr. Mair's novel, instead of encountering the usual monocled Secret Service men and "international Anarchists" (in most thrillers the terms "Anarchist" and "Communist" are interchangeable), finds himself involved with a secret society which is certainly imaginary but might conceivably exist. It is called the International Opposition and is formed by the discontented of all lands. Left-wing Nazis, Russian Trotskyists and British diehard Tories have banded themselves together, recognising that though their final aims are incompatible they have a common interest in overthrowing existing institutions. The hero, a literary journalist, falls into their hands as a result of murdering his mistress, who happens to be one of their most trusted agents. His adventures make a pleasant fantasy-holiday, consisting of the sort of things that literary journalists seldom do in real life, such as committing blackmail over the telephone or murdering people and then robbing their bodies. Some of the mechanisms of the ordinary thriller are there, but the general tone is sophisticated; all the crimes go unpunished, there is no beautiful maiden to be rescued, no one is actuated by patriotic motives. This is an amusing book. I hope it will prove to be the starting point of a new kind of thriller in which political events subsequent to 1920 are considered mentionable.

Alf's New Button is that melancholy thing, resurrection pie. It is the resuscitation of a twenty-years-old favourite which was a crib even when it started. When *Alf's Button* had its tremendous popular success, first as a novel and then as a film, it was astonishing that no one, so far as I remember, pointed out that it owed anything to F. Anstey's book, *The Brass Bottle*. Yet the parenthood was obvious. In Anstey's book a respectable young architect found himself in possession of a bottle in which King Solomon had imprisoned a rebellious jinnee. In *Alf's Button* a private soldier discovered that one of the buttons on his tunic had been made out of Aladdin's lamp. In both books the comedy sprang from the same source—the hopeless inadequacy of the ordinary human being when granted supernatural powers. Anstey's Horace Ventimore merely wanted to get away from the wretched jinnee who kept presenting him with camel-loads of rubies, Alf's imagination went no further than odalisques and pots of beer. In this new book Alf has another button which grants him six wishes on six successive Sundays. Knowing that much, one hardly needs telling how those wishes are muddled away. I do not prophesy for this book the success of its forerunner.

GEORGE ORWELL

RENASCENT DEMOCRACY

Marxism and Democracy. By LUCIEN LAURAT. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

This book is a portent and sign of the times. It is a minor portent that it should have been the Left Book Club choice for November, 1940, for in November, 1939, it might have been the choice of the Left for a Right Book Club. It is a sign of the times, but the times move so rapidly that you require a quick and steady eye even to catch and read their signs. And they move, like most things of importance in this irrational universe, in a circle or ellipse, and the wheel of events comes full circle at such short intervals that the man who insists upon standing on his feet and keeping his head is almost unaware, except for a slight dizziness, that he is being repeatedly turned upside down. This is particularly true of the socialist and democrat who in recent years has tried to cling like a limpet to facts and reason, for the whirligig has been nowhere more violent and incessant than in social and political ideology.

At first sight the stable observer might conclude that the only motion is this vortex or whirligig of ideas impelled by events, but if he looks a little closer he will notice that there are some signs of motion in another direction and even perhaps of stability. Let him read this book and one or two others dealing with Socialism, Democracy, Communism, and Fascism, say Mr. Eastman's *Stalin's Russia* and Mr. Drucker's *The End of Economic Man*. The outlook of each of these writers is different; there is evidence that each has been whirled and is still being whirled by the whirligig; yet each of them is moving in the same direction—back to democracy. The form of the three books is the same. The first nine-tenths are analytical and critical, and then at the end there is a chapter called "The Future" or "The Birth of a New World" or "What to do now." Read these chapters one after the other—they are worth reading. Mr. Drucker slays Socialism and Democracy, together with Capitalism, many times over, nails their dried skins with those of feudalism and many another mummified -ism on the barn door, and pointing triumphantly to the moth-eaten relics cries: "All dead as mutton, and dead mutton is the end of economic man." But then in a somewhat exiguous chapter, when he comes to tell us what the future is or should be, he whispers in our expectant ear: "The resurrection of a little Socialism and a little Democracy, though it is safer to call them by some other name." Mr. Eastman began as a convinced Marxist and a stout defender of Communism as developed in practice by Lenin; he is a man of real intelligence and knowledge, and he has been horrified and outraged by the development of Marx's theory and Lenin's

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practice into the non-Socialist, undemocratic, ruthless dictatorship of Stalin and his bureaucracy. But when, in his last chapter, he tells us what to do now, he whispers in our ear: "The resurrection of a great deal of Democracy and a little Socialism."

And now comes M. Laurat and this translation of his extremely clever book. The whirligig of events has in some respects dated it already, for it is pre-war. But his thesis stands, and he moves in the same direction as Mr. Drucker and Mr. Eastman. He takes the same view as they do of Stalin's Russia and the ideology of modern Communism. But, unlike them, he remains a full-blooded, 100 per cent. Marxist. He has read his Marx intensively and, what is equally important, he knows the history of Communism and Socialism which intervened between Marx and Lenin. Bernstein, Clara Zetkin, Kautsky, Rosa Luxemburg are not to him mere names, Aunt Sallies to be pelted indiscriminately with ideological brick-bats as reformists or deviationists. He knows what they did and what they said. And so in his book the wheel comes full circle and he shows us that, before the Bolshevik revolution, all the great Socialist leaders from Marx and Engels to Rosa Luxemburg held that Communism and Socialism were impossible without Democracy. "Those," he writes, "who set up the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' against Democracy have no right to call themselves Marxists." For Marx and Engels "this 'dictatorship of the proletariat' was synonymous with Democracy." In support of these statements he quotes Marx and the explicit definition of Engels:

> If anything is certain it is that our party and the working class can only come to power under the form of a democratic republic. Precisely this is the specific form for the dictatorship of the proletariat, as the Great French Revolution has already shown.

And so this 100 per cent. Marxist expounds that Capitalism will reach its final dissolution either in a dictatorial or a democratic controlled economic system, but that Socialism will only establish itself by non-violent methods and through Democracy, which is another name for the dictatorship of the proletariat. The whirligig still whirls, but for the moment we seem to be standing on our feet again.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE NEW WORLD

America Our Ally. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. *Gollancz. 2s. 6d.*

It would be difficult in a much longer book than this to define more exactly what is at stake in the war and the varied causes of our present difficulties. It would be equally hard to find a better analysis of the Nazi philosophy of power or of the inevitable failure of efforts to counter it by a technique in which power played an inadequate part. No doubt the same insight prevents Mr. Brailsford from glossing over the tremendous problems which confront us now. One of the chief merits of his book is, indeed, that whilst he points to a way out, he never loses touch with realities or indulges in wishful thinking.

His main theme, stated simply, is that Britain is fighting the battle for American as well as for her own existence. He draws in convincing outline the strategic picture which would face the United States if Hitler were to win his war in Europe. Could the British fleet in fact carry on the fight from North American bases? "A fleet is more than an armada of steel ships. It is history. It is tradition. . . . It would not be easy to uproot it." Has the United States now, or is she likely to have in a near enough future, sufficient strength at sea, on land or in the air to meet the onslaught which would inevitably be made upon her? With Germany in control of the eastern shores of the Atlantic, European as well as African, and Japan conveniently placed on the other flank, the defence problem of an encircled America would indeed be formidable. In this way Mr. Brailsford may claim to have exposed the short-sightedness of those Americans who can still talk of rearming and then negotiating with a Hitler become master of Europe; or the others who seem to have given up Britain for lost and call for concentration on the defence of America, as if that of Britain were not the same thing.

This is, in truth, a civil war on a world scale and there can be no neutrals, as in fact there are none. The United States is already involved, and by the very terms of her Declaration of Independence. How then can she best participate in what is her own struggle? Mr. Brailsford is not one of those who argue that an actual declaration of war is undesirable as tending to slow up the flow of valuable supplies. Apart from the incalculable moral effect of America's formal entry into the conflict, there would be other results of equal importance. First, United States industry and production generally would be, as it certainly is not yet, placed upon a war footing and so be properly thrown into the scales. This might perhaps include resources in men. For what short of the greatest effort both Britain and the United States can put forth will suffice to make possible that actual invasion of Europe which Mr. Brailsford believes is essential to secure a decision? Even so, to-day, quantity and quality of equipment are more important then mere numbers of men. The burden, too, will be made greater by the need to put appropriate arms into the hands of our many friends on the Continent who, at present held in duress, would nevertheless welcome the signal to rise. In addition, the problem of dealing with a Japan still heavily engaged in China is immeasurably easier at present than it would be if Britain went down. For though the United States may be in process of building a two-ocean fleet, she already has one in existence even though its Atlantic squadrons fly the white ensign.

Though Mr. Brailsford thus realises the need to marshal force to overcome a system which sees "in power and not in welfare the end that an uncorrupted society pursues," he is not blind to those moral factors which are decisive in war. "The victors in this war must win mastery over men's minds." The whole world must know that just as this is not another of the old-style wars between the old-style nations, so it is one in which Britain and America are fighting for great ends. "Together we might give to the Western Hemisphere security, and to Europe peace, freedom and work." In this sense Europe can once again be saved by our example as well as by the force of our arms. It is difficult to see on what other basis the foundations of victory or of an enduring peace can be laid.

J. E. TYLER

THE WHITE EAGLE

Memoirs of Madame Pilsudski. *Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d.*

Alexandra Pilsudski, in the chapter describing her early childhood in Suvalki, a small town on the Polish-Lithuanian border, then, and now again after a brief interval of inclusion in a free and united Poland, under Russian rule, recalls a saying of her grandmother's: "When one is born a Pole, one must of necessity be born a patriot." The words, often repeated by this stern old woman who had taken an active part in the Insurrection of 1863, and after its failure always dressed in deepest black and wore a mourning ring of onyx, in which was set a cross

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of pearls, in memory of its thirty thousand dead, were incomprehensible in themselves to a tiny child, but they made a deep impression on her subconscious mind, as this story shows.

> One day when I was about seven, I begged Grandmother to let me try on the ring. She shook her head. "You can only wear that ring if you are a patriot, Ola." Then I asked the question which had been at the back of my mind so long. "What is a patriot, then?" She paused a moment before answering, and her deep blue eyes shone as though with the light of some inner fire. "One who puts the love of Poland before all else in the world, and who is willing to sacrifice everything, even his life, if it is needed, in fighting for her freedom."

Madame Pilsudski's book, written in exile in England, and written especially for English and American readers, gives abundant evidence that her life has been devoted to keeping that promise. Remembering the lesson of the Insurrection of 1863, which was that no fight for Poland's freedom had any chance of success without the co-operation of the workers, she joined the Polish Socialist Party soon after she left school, and later became an active member of its militant organisation, the Bojowka. She was put in charge of its central arms depot in Warsaw, and took an important part in smuggling rifles and ammunition over the frontier. It was at this period (1906 to 1910) that she came in contact with Joseph Pilsudski, the leader of the Bojowka. She was struck at their first meeting by the curious contrast between his right hand and his left.

> The left was fine and narrow with delicate tapering fingers, like a woman's. The hand of an artist and a dreamer. The right was so much larger that it might have belonged to another man—forceful and brutal, with broad, square-tipped fingers, so strong that he was able to bend a horseshoe easily in them. The hand of a soldier and a man of action.

Those contradictory hands were expressive of the contradictory qualities in Pilsudski's character. The elements were indeed mixed up in this extraordinary man who was virtually dictator of Poland during the years following the restoration of her independence in 1919. Madame Pilsudski says in her preface that she has tried to draw both the faults and good qualities of the Polish people. She has made the same effort in her portrait of her husband, but the validity of her defence of some of his actions may be questioned. Nevertheless, the reports of his speeches and conversations, and his letters, quoted extensively in these memoirs refute many charges brought against him, and have convinced me that he has been misrepresented in this country by Sovietphiles. His achievement in blending into one country the lands which for more than a century and a half had been split up into German, Austrian and Russian territories, and in overcoming the political dissensions which threatened to rend the structure of the new Polish State, proclaims him a great statesman, as his victory at the Vistula over the Red Army proclaims him a great soldier. Before he died, in 1935, Poland had become a solid self-governing nation, with a well-organised army and a balanced budget. Her trade was bringing her prosperity, her people were thriving and contented. Through Pilsudski's astute foreign policy she had secured pacts with Russia and Germany which at least gave her a respite from war. Pilsudski knew it was only a respite. He laboured to the last day of his life to strengthen Poland's defences, but they were of no avail when Hitler struck in September, 1939. His maxim, by the way, that Russia "has only exchanged the imperialism of the Tsars for the red imperialism of the Soviets" can hardly be challenged now.

"If our Marshal had lived, this would never have happened," an old peasant said to Madame Pilsudski on the day she left her stricken country. All that the Poles had built up during those years had been destroyed. They had thrown off their fetters only to be bound again. But she remembered in that moment of despair her husband's saying: "To be vanquished, and not surrender—that is victory," and was consoled.

Her memoirs were written under very difficult conditions. Many of her books of reference and documents had to be left behind in Poland. Her English collaborator, Mrs. Jennifer Ellis, knew no Polish, and she no English. She dictated her book in French. Mrs. Ellis, translated it. "Then every chapter had to be read to me in Polish so that I could judge it and make final suggestions." It is surprising that a book produced in this roundabout way should have such a direct and personal style. I am glad to be able to assure Madame Pilsudski, who knows no English, that Mrs. Ellis has interpreted her admirably.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

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DRAGGING IN MARX

Science in Peace and War. By J. B. S. HALDANE, F.R.S. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 5s.

Reading this collection of Professor Haldane's *Daily Worker* articles takes me back to the sad case of the Reverend X, who used to play with my children. He knew an awful lot they wanted to know, they found him not only jolly but jolly interesting, he was good fun, but in the end they parted company with the Reverend X because, as they said, he would always drag in God. I am wondering how many of those who in the past have been instructed, stimulated and enchanted by Professor Haldane are now irritated by his growing habit of dragging in what (to make one more libellous attack on a great name) I will call generically Marx. In one of these articles Professor Haldane is rebuking air-raid wardens for not knowing that a serious gas attack can never be floated down in balloons. He goes on:

> You may say that people cannot be expected to know things like this. I answer that practical thinking is always quantitative. A good farmer can judge the weight of an ox; a good mechanic know what strain a tool will stand. A good warden, if he or she has been properly trained, will think accurately about quantities of gas.

Accepting this very sound advice, I tried to do a little quantitative thinking about Professor Haldane's articles. What do they weigh? The central fact about them is that they are, with few exceptions, self-contained at a standard length of rather less than 1,000 words. Now in some sorts of writing the capacity of 1,000 words is almost limitless; it swells with the genius of the writer. But scientific writing, if it aims (as of course Professor Haldane aims) at giving the reader a clear outline of a body of logically connected facts, is strictly conditioned by its length. There is in fact a limit to what can be imparted in 1,000 words. In the past Professor Haldane, working at several times this length, has exercised a brilliant gift of rapid but exact summary and acute speculation. The question is, how close to the bone would this master of lucid exposition find himself on accepting a ten-minute scientific rostrum in the *Daily Worker?* It would be rather like watching the virtuosity of a lightning artist as he limits himself to fewer and fewer strokes of his charcoal: will he still manage the likeness, or will it drop to caricature or lower? The answer seems to be that Professor Haldane has wilfully defeated his own virtuosity by using a rubber stamp as well as a pencil. Consider for instance his article on the Milky Way, which is really a sketch of the methods by which interstellar magnitudes are measured and checked. Here if ever is a subject utterly remote from politics. To get a daily worker safely round a ten minute tour of this vast problem in geometry, dynamics and radiation requires the utmost skill and concentration. But Professor Haldane is hardly launched on his argument before he proceeds as follows:

> So Captain Cook was sent to observe a transit of Venus from the island of Tahiti in the Pacific Ocean in 1769, and the distance of the earth from the sun determined. On the way back he annexed Australia. If he had been born in 1898 instead of 1728 he would not now be commanding one of His Majesty's ships, as he was the son of a farm labourer and apprenticed to a haberdasher at twelve years old—in fact, he was not a gentleman.

This may be good political journalism, but it is slovenly science and bad writing. Analysed thus, these articles would fall into two groups. The first of these, which includes sections on Public Health, Science Applied to War, and Industrial Health in War, is concerned as much with the application of science to human affairs as with its discoveries. Here, as Professor Haldane has always argued, political discussion is vital, the Communist line is as legitimate as any other, and the dry, downright blows which he delivers on its behalf are shrewdly aimed. The second group is concerned almost exclusively with the internal affairs of science; its background (as I think) is the laboratory and the study. It contains some little gems of lucid exposition, notably the section on Human Physiology, with its beautiful sequence of four articles on the glands. But it contains many others in which, waiting for the thud of the Marxist bombshell on the tranquil field of pure science, I became uneasy. The Reverend X could and did argue that his main business in life was to drag in God. I want to suggest that it is not Professor Haldane's main business in life to drag in Marx. That can safely be left to scientists of a different calibre.

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A New Testament Word-Book. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Partridge is well known as one who "would gladly learn and gladly teach" the science of words and phrases. In this latest work he chooses the Authorised Version as providing examples of the changes in meaning which words have undergone between 1611 and 1940. It is not meant for the theological student: Mr. Partridge confesses that he is no theologian. If so considered it would be at once defective and redundant; but it is excellent for its particular purpose. There can scarcely be more than a score or two of words in the Version which, however old-fashioned they may be, are liable to be misunderstood by the ordinary reader. We have known "fetched a compass," "conversation," "occupy till I come," "nephew," and some others, to be taken in a wrong sense; but such phrases as "took knowledge of them," "cumber the ground," "other some," "well stricken in years," are plain enough. But Mr. Partridge deals with them all, and his list is even more complete than that given by Aldis Wright fifty years ago. He actually explains some proper names, Peter, Paul, Philemon, and (perhaps erroneously) Iscariot. As he discusses these, including the possibly punning "yoke-fellow" (syzygos) of Philippians, it is hard to see why he omits the certainly punning Onesimus of Philemon. But these are small matters.

Week-end Competitions

No. 570

Set by G. de Vavasour

A first prize of two guineas and a second of half a guinea are offered for three additional verses to be inserted in Byron's "Vision of Judgment," introducing a character or characters of topical interest.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, January 13th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 567

Set by Patrick Raymond

In 1678 the diarist, John Evelyn, wrote: "I saw a trial of those devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines, called Bombs, shot out of the morter-piece on Black heath."

The usual prizes are offered for suitable descriptions of *one* of the following: (*a*) a Molotov breadbasket; (*b*) a dive-bombing Messerschmitt; (*c*) a speech by Hitler—as they might have been written by *one* of the following: William Cowper, John Donne, William Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Gerard Manley Hopkins. Limit—250 words.

Report by Patrick Raymond

In a competition which produced a remarkably versatile batch of stars, many of the sheep and some of the goats came in Lamb's clothing. Entrants went for Elia in a big way; only a few survived the real but somewhat hidden difficulties of that way. The impersonators of Hopkins reached the highest general level. Cowper's imitators hesitated between the rather pedestrian blank verse of their prototype and the rhyming couplet; those that tried the latter came more under the influence of *The Rape of the Lock* than was strictly permissible. One competitor sent in a charming parody on *John Gilpin;* and thus automatically ruled himself out. Implicitly the terms of the competition forbade parodies. Donne was, on the whole, well done (so sorry!) Harry Broadbent was the sole disciple of Hazlitt. For this bravery alone I would have liked to reward him; but alas! it was not Hazlitt in his habit as he lived, but a descendant of his, writing a second leader for the *Times*. Several competitors misread the wording of the competition, and submitted, *e.g.*, a speech by Hitler if Hitler were Elia. "Tipcat" made Hitler ("some years after the Totalitarian collapse of Germany, when a grateful nation had installed him into Blenheim Palace . . . and into the Chair of English Poetry at Oxford") deliver a speech in praise of Cowper in whom "I have ever found a congenial spirit"!

Of the Lambkins two had excellent beginnings, but could not stay the pace: E. H. Bedwell ("Reader, imagine thyself—without any diminution of thy self-esteem—transmuted into the feline") and I. R. I. S. ("Against all reason I am fond of tyrants"). In the steps of Donne I liked John Hopkinson's couplet on a Messerschmitt:

Thy sinnes and course may no man equall call
For as thy sinnes soar uppe, thy course doth fall.

W. Purbrick captured finely the warmth of Olney (though his subject was a breadbasket!):

'Tis midnight; since the hour of nigritude,
In this hibernal season creeping soon
Upon the hurrying home-bound populace,
Poverty and pampered Opulence alike
Have heard the Teuton disseminating death.
To subterranean tubular haunts the poor
Have crept (Anderson! take pity on
The unsheltered night-life of the Middle Class) . . .

Stanley J. Sharpless had a nearly first-class Hopkins:

Hark at that man! hark, hark at the shout-drugged mob!
O listen to the rant-cant roaring over the air!
With bill, coo; truth, lie; scream, sob;
Word-mess, addled and devilled; listen to the throat-threshing there! . . .

I suggest the prizes be pooled and divided between G. de Vavasour for his Hopkins; Allan M. Laing for a delightful Lamb; and J. W. F. Hurford for a near-perfect Donne.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS ON A MOLOTOV BREADBASKET

O the mazed sky, the wounded sky,
Gold-gashèd, riven, rent, martyred with thorn,
Red where the pain-flower-rose, spear-leaved, is born,
Blossoms and dies, falling, each seed an agony.
Hear the lost triumph, the life-pang, the mourning-cry;
Whirr-whirring, iron wings, tumult and cormorant-wailing.
There is no javelin, dagger, nor dart, dirk, availing
To hold off the doom, mantled in wan hope, in mystery.
Now when the harvest is reaped, the nets gathered in,
See how the heavens are pure, virgin, and empty of sin,
Azure, no Calvary-cloud, no sorrow revealing.
Lying below, piercèd, aflame with the rose,
Bleeding and bruisèd, heart-laden, knowledged in woes,
Lo, with what passion of greatness earth bears the sky's healing. G. DE VAVASOUR

CHARLES LAMB ON A VERY IMPERFECT SYMPATHY

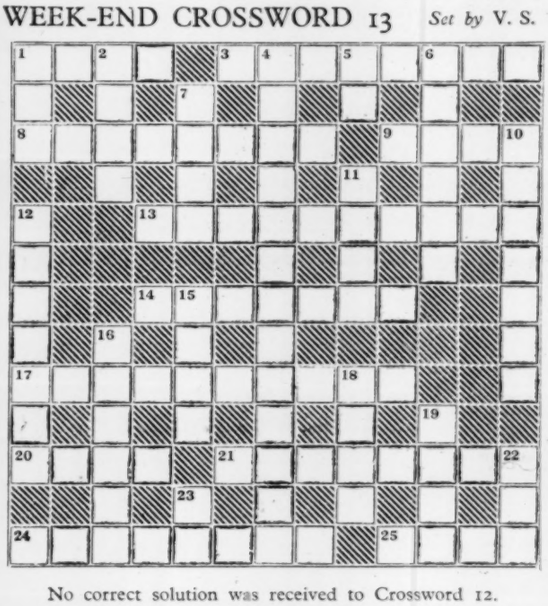
I was brought up almost in the bow-and-arrow stage of warfare, and I confess my old-fashioned nerves are not tuned to admiration for this sky-roaring monster. To me the Messerschmitt dive-bomber (as I understand they call it) is one of those desperate perversions of human ingenuity which the very God of Battles must disown with a shudder. Where I ought perhaps to worship, I can feel nothing but distaste. Even a mechanical perfection which causes the eagle to be ashamed of his clumsy evolutions cannot win my praise. And my perversity is such that I will not see a Roland or a Hector in him who launches swift lightnings on the just and on the unjust and departs roaring with laughter at broken houses and broken people. I realise that the Messerschmitt is the last word in human progress. But I cannot believe it is God's instrument for good, in spite of its truly godlike lack of discrimination. When I hear the beating of its wings, and know that it is about to overwhelm me or my neighbour with its foul droppings, I become little short of a pagan. I cannot love my enemies. I cannot even forgive them for what they do. ALLAN M. LAING

DIVE-BOMBING MESSERSCHMITT (JOHN DONNE)

Spare not this head which ducks in sinful feare
If but my soule stand upright in this dreade.
The broken body is the living breade—
Make broken mee to Thy deare selfe more deare.
I jealous am of the base earth below
Ravished with bombs in pain upturned to Thee;
Ravish mee too, my God, I'll pay Thy fee,
But save mee from my inward sterner foe.
Those roars which sounde like devils in the sky
Are engines of Thy passionate desire.
Spare not this mee from their all-cleansing fire;
To live with life unhallowed is toe die.
God's Son, Thou Carpenter whose tool was love—
Be Thou my plane toe smoothe me toe Thy will
That I no plane shall feare and feareless still
Keep joyous thought of what goes on above.
J. W. F. HURFORD

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 13

Set by V. S.



No correct solution was received to Crossword 12.

ACROSS.

1. TippEt. (4)
3. Diana has got her bow and arrows? (8)
8. Gives itself away. (8)
9. *rev.* Cardinal and rural dean combine to tend a flock. (4)
13. Stir the soldiers' dinner? (10)
14. Sped about the court. (7)
17. Tell Greece. (10)
20 & 5. Has got to be exchanged for bombers. (6)
21. Does G.B.S. follow the Hay diet? (8)
24. Decided taste for a swan song. (8)
25. Seem to change very little in Peter Pan characters. (4)

DOWN.

1. Manx capital. (3)
2. The booty's in the place marked X. (4)
4. Put in a grave supplication. (13)
5. See 19 & 20.
6 & 4. Agnostic gospeller? (4, 2 & 13)
7. Trade has to cease directly after five. (4)
10. H as H in Horse. (7)
11. Saint that is to ascend according to Spenser. (4)
12. Dogfish provide good sport. (7)
15. See 18.
16. *rev.* Not one filly ill-disposed. (6)
18 & 15. Hot gospeller? (8)
19 & 5. Gnostic gospeller? (6)
22. Sweetheart! (3)
23. Makes 1940 = 5700. (2)

CROSSWORD 12

A	S	S	U	R	E	■	P	R	A	X	I	S
B	■	■	A	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	■	E
R	■	E	R	R	A	N	D	B	O	Y	■	S
O	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	I	■	E	■	A
A	D	D	L	E	■	O	■	N	O	S	A	M
D	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	T	■	E
■	A	M	E	N	D	■	N	O	V	E	L	■
G	■	A	■	■	■	B	■	■	■	R	■	S
A	N	G	E	R	■	A	■	T	R	E	A	T
N	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	R	■	V	■	R
D	■	D	E	A	T	H	R	A	T	E	■	A
E	■	■	D	■	E	■	S	■	■	■	■	I
R	A	D	I	S	H	■	C	H	A	R	O	N

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," "NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE NEW "TAP" ISSUES—THE NEW YEAR OUTLOOK FOR EQUITY SHARES—THE DISCOUNT MARKET—SHELL

THE importance of the new "tap" issues of Government bonds is that the 3 per cent. tranche 1955–65 provides a medium-term outlet for the institutional investor. Not that 3 per cent. gives the insurance companies a margin to live on, but 3 per cent. for 14 to 24 years is better than 2½ per cent. for 5 to 7 years from the last "tap" issue. I am glad to see that the "tap" for 2½ per cent. National War Bonds 1945-47 is being finally turned off. I was always critical of this issue, because it was an unsuitable medium for institutional investors, and caused the Bank of England to attempt unwisely to influence the investment policy of insurance company boards against their better judgment. It was wonderful to have sold £430 millions of these bonds altogether. Their place is being taken by a "tap" issue of 2½ per cent. National War Bonds 1946–48. These "shorts" will primarily appeal, of course, to the mere banker. It is something that the Bank of England will not be obliged any longer to force the insurance companies into an impossible investment. If it wishes to interfere in their business it will be able to point to the date attraction of the new medium term 3 per cent. "tap" issue of Savings Bonds, 1955–65. But apart from the question of date the insurance companies will still find it pays to buy the "longs," in particular 3 per cent. Local Loans at 89½ to yield £3 7*s.* per cent.

* * *

It is curious that the Treasury did not stiffen up the terms of the new "tap" issues a little more against the investor. True, the new 3 per cent. Savings Bonds have a maximum life of six years longer than its maiden war issue of 3 per cent. War Loan, but consider existing quotations. For example, 3 per cent. Funding 1959–69 was already quoted at 99⅝ before the new 3 per cent. Savings Bonds with a slightly earlier date (1955–65) were announced, while National Defence 3 per cent. 1954–58 were quoted at 101⅛. Closed issues on the Stock Exchange will always be more popular with the institutional investors than "tap" issues, so that if the Treasury had made the terms of the "tap" issues more favourable for the taxpayer and less so for the investor it might easily have brought about a considerable rise in the Stock Exchange in the existing Government stocks. I suspect the Treasury of being faint-heart. It is all very well to tell the City at the beginning that this was to be a 3 per cent. war, but why should not the City now be told that 3 per cent. is a little too expensive and that in future it will have to be a 2½ per cent. war? Is it that no one will accept the stepping-stone of 2¾ per cent. because no one in the City really understands arithmetic?

* * *

If I had to guess the course of the Stock Exchange markets I would say that 1941 will see the investor taking a more sober or critical view of his equity share prospects, while the gilt-edged market remains firmly under the control of the Treasury. There will be important dividends and reports in the next few months which will decide the tone, but in view of the increasing inroads of taxation and the widening system of Government controls and restrictions the directors cannot be very cheerful in their reports to shareholders. On the whole the producers of capital goods will fare much better than the producers or distributors of consumption goods, but it must be borne in mind that when manufacturers have to switch over from their commercial business to the Government business of producing war supplies, their ratios of profit will not be maintained. The manufacturers of corsets and cosmetics, for example, will be giving up a high rate of profit for a meagre Ministry of Supply percentage on cost when they take to Government work. This is, of course, as it should be. The investor must wake up to the fact that this is not a war to give profits to the manufacturers or distributors or retailers in whom he may have invested his capital.

* * *

The retirement of Messrs. Goschens and Cunliffe, one of the oldest established firms of merchant bankers and acceptors in the City of London, calls attention to the wartime position of all acceptance and discount houses. How are they employing their funds to help the war effort? Is there any usefulness in giving the discount houses a "turn" on the bills they take up and pass on to others? What the discount market is doing in effect, is exacting a small commission or levy from the City of London in order to maintain its directorial and management salaries and its dividends to shareholders. It seems hard to fortify a parasitic financial existence in the middle of a war of great financial strain.

* * *

It was good news that Shell Transport and Trading decided after all to pay an interim dividend, even if it is as small as 2½ per cent. tax free. This seems to foreshadow a final of 2½ per cent., making 5 per cent. tax free for the year. But whether the shares should stand as high as 1 15/16 if this is to be the rate of dividend for the rest of the year seems very doubtful. I remain of the opinion that an investor for whom income is all-important might exchange from Shell Transport to Burmah Oil at 2⅝. He will be improving his yield without burning his oil boats.

The Family Physician

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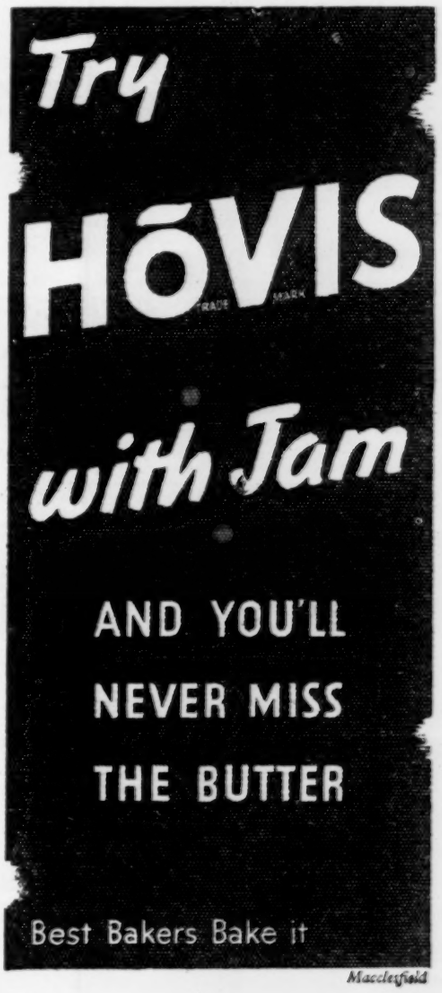
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